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THE FAITHFVLL SHEPHERDESSE.

ACTED AT SOMERSET Houſe before the KING and QVEENE on Twelfe night laſt, 1633.

And divers times ſince with great applauſe at the Private Houſe in Blacke-Friers, by his Majeſties Servants.

Written by IOHN FLETCHER.

The third Edition, with Addition.

LONDON,
Printed by *A. M.* for *Richard Meighen*, next to the Middle Temple in Fleet-ſtreet. 1634.

To my friend Master *Iohn Fletcher*, upon his *faithfull Shepheardesse*.

I Know too well, that no more then the man
That travells through the burning Desarts, can
When he is beaten with the raging Sunne,
Halfe smootherd with the dust, have power to runne
From a coole River, which himselfe doth finde,
Ere he be slack'd; no more can he whose minde
Ioyes in the Muses, hold from that delight,
When nature, and his full thoughts bid him write:
Yet wish I those whom I for friends have knowne,
To sing their thoughts to no eares but their owne.
Why should the man, whose wit nere had a staine,
Vpon the publike Stage present his vaine,
And make a thousand men in Iudgement sit,
To call in question his undoubted wit,
Scarce two of which can understand the lawes
Which they should judge by, nor the parties cause?
Among the rout there is not one that hath
In his owne censure an explicite faith;
One company knowing they Iudgement lacke,
Ground their beliefe on the next man in blacke:
Others, on him that makes signes, and is mute,
Some like as he does in the fairest sute,
He as his Mistresse doth, and she by chance:
Nor wants there those, who as the Boy doth dance
Betweene the Acts, will censure the whole Play;
Some if the Waxe lights be new that day,
But multitudes there are whose judgements goes
Headlong according to the Actors cloathes.
For this, these publike things and I, agree
So ill, that but to doe a right to thee,
I had not beene perswaded to have hurld
These few, ill spoken lines, into the world,
Both to be read, and censur'd of, by those,
Whose very reading makes Verse senceless Prose,
Such as must spend above an houre, to spell
A Challenge on a Post, to know it well:
But since it was thy hap to throw away,
Much wit, for which the people did not pay,
Because they saw it not, I not dislike
This second publication, which may strike
Their consciences, to see the thing they scorn'd,
To be with so much wit and Art adorn'd.
Besides one vantage more in this I see,
Your censurers now must have the qualitie
Of reading, which I am affraid is more
Then halfe your shrewdest Iudges had before.

Fr: Beaumont.

To my loved friend Mr. Iohn Fletcher, *on his Pastorall.*

CAn my approvement (Sir) be worth your thanks?
Whose unknowne name and muse (in swathing clouts)
Is not yet growne to strength, among these ranks
To have a roome, and beare off the sharpe flouts
Of this our pregnant age, that does despise
All innocent verse that lets alone her vice.

But I must justifie what privately
I censured to you: my ambition is
(Even by my hopes and love to Poesie)
To live to perfect such a worke as this,
Clad in such elegant proprietie
Of words including a morallitie.

So sweet and profitable, though each man that heares,
(And learning has enough to clap and hisse)
Arrives not too't, so misty it appeares;
And to their filmed reasons, so amisse:
But let Art looke in truth, she like a mirror,
Reflect her consort, ignorances terror

Sits in her owne brow, being made afraid
Of her unnaturall complexion,
As ugly women (when they are araid
By glasses) loath their true reflection;
Then how can such opinions injure thee,
That tremble at their owne deformitie?

Opinion, that great foole, makes fooles of all,
And (once) I fear'd her till I met a mind
Whose grave instructions Philosophicall,
Toss'd it like dust upon a march strong wind,
He shall for ever my example be,
And his embraced doctrine grow in me.

His soule (and such commend this) that commands
Such Art, it should me better satisfie,
Then if the monster clapt his thousand hands
And drown'd the Scene with his confused cry;
And if doubts rise, loe their owne names to cleare'em
Whilst I am happy but to stand so neere'em.

 Nath. Field.

To the worthy Author M^r. Io: FLETCHER.

THe wise, and many headed *Bench*, that sits
Vpon the Life, and Death of *Playes*, and *Wits*,
(Compos'd of *Gamster*, *Captaine*, *Knight*, *Knight's man*,
Lady, or *Pusill*, that weares maske or fan,
Velvet, or *Taffata* cap, rank'd in the darke
With the shops *Foreman*, or some such *brave sparke*,
That may judge for his *sixe-pence*) had, before
They saw it halfe, damn'd thy whole Play, and more,
Their motives were, since it had not to doe
With vices, which they look'd for, and came to.
I, that am glad, thy Innocence was thy Guilt,
And with that all the *Muses* bloud were spilt,
In such a *Martyrdome*; To vexe their eyes,
Do crowne thy murdred *Poeme*: which shall rise
A glorified worke to Time, when Fire,
Or moathes shall eate, what all these Fooles admire. *Ben: Ionson.*

To his loving friend M^r. Io: FLETCHER.

THere are no sureties (good friend) *Will* be taken
For workes that vulgar-good-name hath forsaken.
A Poeme and a Play too! why tis like
A Scholler that's a Poet: their names strike
Their pestilence inward, when they take the ayre;
And kill out right: one cannot both fates beare.
But, as a Poet that's no scholler, makes
Vulgarity his Whiffler, and so takes
Passage with ease, and state through both sides presse
Of pageant-seers: or as schollers please
That are no Poets, more then Poets learn'd,
Since their Art solely, is by soules discern'd;
The others fall within the common sense,
And sheds (like common light) her influence:
So, were your Play no poeme, but a thing
That every Cobler to his patch might sing;
A rout of wisses (like the multitude)
With no one limbe of any Art endude,
Like would to like, and praise you: but because,
Your Poeme onely hath by us applause,
Renews the golden world, and holds through all
The holy lawes of homely Pastorall,
Where flowres, and founts, and Nimphs, and semi-gods,
And all the Graces finde their old abodes;
Where forrests flourish but in endlesse Verse,
And meddowes, nothing fit for purchasers,
This Iron age that eates it selfe, will never
Bite at your golden world, that others, ever
Lov'd as it selfe: then like your Booke doe you
[illegible] allow.

Vnto his worthy friend Mr. *Ioseph Taylor* upon his presentment of the *Faithfull Shepherdesse before the King and Queene, at White-hall, on Twelfth night last.* 1633.

VVHen this smooth Pastorall was first brought forth,
The Age twas borne in, did not know it's worth.
Since by thy cost, and industry reviv'd,
It hath a new fame, and new birth atchiv'd.
Happy in that shee found in her distresse,
A friend, as faithfull, as her Shepherdesse.
For having cur'd her from her courser rents,
And deckt her new with fresh habiliments,
Thou brought'st her to the Court, and made her be
A fitting spectacle for Majestie.
So have I seene a clowded beauty dresst
In a rich vesture, shine above the rest.
Yet did it not receive more honour from
The glorious pompe, then thine owne action.
Expect no satisfaction for the same,
Poets can render no reward but Fame.
Yet this I le prophesie, when thou shalt come
Into the confines of *Elysium*
Amidst the Quire of Muses, and the lists
Of famous Actors, and quicke Dramatists,
So much admir'd for gesture, and for wit,
That there on Seats of living Marble sit,
The blessed Consort of that numerous Traine,
Shall rise with an applause to entertaine
Thy happy welcome, causing thee sit downe,
And with a Lawrell-wreath thy temples crowne.
And meane time, while this Poeme shall be read,
Taylor, thy name shall be eternized.
For it is just, that thou, who first did'st give
Vnto this booke a life, by it shouldst live.

SHACK. MARMYON.

This Dialogue newly added, was spoken by way of Prologue to both their Majesties at the first acting of this Pastorall at *Somerset-house* on Twelfe-night 1633.

Priest.

A Broyling Lambe on Pans *chiefe Altar lies,*
My Wreath, my Censor, Virge, and Incense by:
But I delay'd the pretious Sacrifice,
To shew thee here, a gentler Deity.

Nymph.

Nor was I to thy sacred Summons slow,
Hither I came as swift as th' Eagles wing,
Or threatning shaft from vext Dianaes *bow,*
To see this Islands God; the worlds best King.

Priest.

Blesse then that Queene, that doth his eyes envite
And cares, t'obey her Scepter, halfe this night.

Nymph.

Let's sing such welcomes, as shall make Her sway
Seeme easie to Him, though it last till day.

Welcome as Peace t'unwalled Cities, when
Famine & Sword leave them more graves then men.
As Spring to Birds, or Noone-dayes Sun to th'old
Poore mountayne Muscovite congeald with cold,
As Shore to'th Pilote in a safe knowne Coast
When's Carde is broken & his Rudder lost.

The

THE FAITHFVLL SHEPHERDESSE.

Actus primi, Scena prima.

Enter Clorin *a Shepherdesse, having buryed her love in an Arbour.*

HAile holy earth, whose cold armes doe imbrace,
The truest man that ever fed his flocks
By the fat plaines of fruitfull *Thessaly*,
Thus I salute thy grave, thus doe I pay
My early vowes, and tribute of mine eyes
To thy still loved ashes; thus I free
My selfe from all ensuing heates and fires
Of love: all sports, delights and jolly games
That Shepherds hold full deare, thus put I off.
Now no more shall these smooth browes be girt
With youthfull coronals, and lead the dance,
No more the company of fresh faire maids
And wanton shepherds be to me delightfull,
Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes
Under some shady dell, when the coole winde
Playes on the leaves; all be farre away,
Since thou art farre away, by whose deare side
How often have I sat crownd with fresh flowers
For summers queene, whilst every shepherds boy
Puts on his lusty greene, with gaudy hooke,
And hanging scrip of finest cordevan.
But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,
And all are dead but thy deare memorie
That shall out-live thee, and shall ever spring
Whilst there are pipes, or jolly shepherds sing.

And here will I in honour of thy love,
Dwell by thy grave, forgetting all those joyes,
That former times made precious to mine eyes,
Onely remembring what my youth did gaine
In the darke hidden vertuous use of hearbes:
That will I practise, and as freely give
All my endeavours, as I gain'd them free.
Of all greene wounds I know the remedies,
In men or cattell, be they stung with snakes,
Or charm'd with powerfull words of wicked art,
Or be they love-sicke, or through too much heat
Growne wilde or lunaticke, their eyes or eares
Thickned with misty filme of dulling rheume;
These I can cure, such secret vertue lies
In hearbes applyed by a virgins hand:
My meat shall be what these wilde woods afford,
Berries, and Chesnuts, Plantanes, on whose cheeks
The Sun sits smiling, and the lofty fruit
Pul'd from the faire head of the straight growne pine;
On these Ile feed with free content and rest,
When night shall blind the world, by thy side blest.

Enter a Satyre.

Saty. Through yon same bending plaine
That flings his armes downe to the maine,
And through these thicke woods have I run,
Whose bottome never kist the Sunne
Since the lusty Spring began,
All to please my Master *Pan*,
Have I trotted without rest
To get him fruit, for at a feast
He entertaines this comming night,
His Paramour, the *Syrinx* bright:
But behold a fairer sight!
By that heavenly forme of thine,
Brightest faire thou art divine,
Sprung from great immortall race
Of the gods: for in thy face
Shines more awfull Majesty;

He stands amazed.

Then

Then dull weake mortalitie
Dare with misty eyes behold
And live, therefore on this mould,
Lowly doe I bend my knee,
In worship of thy deitie;
Deigne it goddesse from my hand,
To receive what ere this land
From her fertile wombe doth send
Of her choise fruits: and but lend
Beliefe to that the Satyre tels,
Fairer by the famous wels,
To this present day nere grew,
Never better nor more true,
Here be grapes whose lusty blood
Is the learned Poets good,
Sweeter yet did never crowne
The head of *Bacchus*, nuts more browne
Then the Squirrils teeth that cracke them.
Deigne O faireſt faire to take them,
For these blacke ey'd *Driope*
Hath oftentimes commanded me,
With my clasped knee to clime;
See how well the lusty time
Hath deckt their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spred,
Here be berries for a Queene,
Some be red, some be greene,
These are of that luscious meat,
The great god *Pan* himselfe doth eate:
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountaine or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong,
Till when humbly leave I take,
Lest the great *Pan* doe awake,
That sleeping lies in a deepe glade,
Vnder a broad Beeches shade:
I must goe, I must run,
Swifter then the fiery Sun. *Exit.*

Clorin. And all my feares goe with thee.
What greatnesse or what private hidden power
Is there in me, to draw submission
From this rude man and beast? sure I am mortall:
The daughter of a Shepherd, he was mortall:
And she that bore me mortall: pricke my hand
And it will bleed, a feaver shakes me,
And the selfe same wind that makes the young lambs shrink,
Makes me a cold, my feare sayes I am mortall:
Yet I have heard (my mother told it me)
And now I doe beleeve it, if I keepe
My virgin flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and faire,
No Goblin, wood-god, Faiery, Elfe, or Fiend,
Satyre, or other power that haunts the groves,
Shall hurt my body, or by vaine illusion
Draw me to wander after idle fires,
Or voyces calling me in dead of night,
To make me follow, and so tole me on,
Through mire and standing pooles, to find my ruine:
Else why shou'd this rough thing, who never knew
Manners, nor smooth humanity, whose heates
Are rougher then himselfe, and more mishapen,
Thus mildely kneele to me? sure there is a power
In that great name of virgin, that binds fast
All rude uncivill bloods, all appetites
That breake their confines: then strong chastity,
Be thou my strongest guard, for heare Ile dwell
In opposition against Fate and Hell.

Enter an old Shepherd, with foure couple of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Old Shep. Now we have gone this holy festivall,
In honour of our great god, and his rights
Perform'd, prepare your selves for chaste
And uncorrupted fires: that as the Priest,
With powerfull hand shall sprinkle on your Browes
His pure and holy water, yee may be
From all hot flames of lust, and loose thoughts free.
Kneele Shepherds kneele, here comes the Priest of *Pan.*

Enter Priest.

Whatsoever this great day,
Or the past houres gave not good,
To corrupt your mayden blood:
From the high rebellious heat
Of the grapes, and strength of meat,
From the wanton quicke desires,
They doe kindle by their fires,
I doe wash you with this water,
Bee you pure and faire hereafter.
From your livers and your veines,
Thus I take away the staines.
All your thoughts be smooth and faire;
Bee ye fresh and free as ayre.
Never more let lustfull heat
Through your purged conduits beat,
Or a plighted troath be broken,
Or a wanton verse bee spoken
In a Shepherdesses eare;
Goe your wayes, y'are all cleare.

They rise and sing in praise of Pan.

The Song.

Sing his prayses that doth keepe
Our Flockes from harme,
Pan *the Father of our sheepe,*
And arme in arme
Tread wee softly in a round,
Whilst the hollow neighbouring ground
Fils the musicke with her sound,
Pan, *O great god* Pan, *to thee*
Thus doe wee sing:
Thou that keepest us chaste and free,
As the young spring,
Ever bee thy honour spoke,
From that place the morne is broke,
To that place Day doth unyoke.

Exeunt omnes but Perigot and Amoret.

Peri. Stay gentle *Amoret* thou faire browd Mayde,
Thy Shepherd praves thee stay, that holds thee deere,

Your faithfull Shepherd of those chaste desires
He ever aymd at, and ——————

Amo. Thou hast prevaild, farewell, this comming night
Shall crowne thy chaste hopes with long wish'd delight.

Peri. Our great god *Pan* reward thee for that good
Thou hast given thy poore Shepherd, fairest bud
Of Mayden vertues: when I leave to be
The true admirer of thy chastitie,
Let me deserve the hot polluted name
Of the wilde woodman, or affect some dame,
Whose often prostitution hath begot
More foule diseases, then ever yet the hot
Sun bred through his burnings, whilst the dog
Pursues the raging Lyon, throwing fog
And deadly vapour from his angry breath,
Filling the lower world with plague and death. *Exit Amo.*

Enter Amarillis.

Amaril. Shepherd may I desire to be believed
What I shall blushing tell?

Peri. Faire Mayd you may.

Amar. Then softly thus, I love thee *Perigot*,
And would be gladder to be lov'd againe,
Then the cold earth is in his frozen armes
To clip the wanton Spring: nay doe not start,
Nor wonder that I woe thee! thou that art
The prime of our young groomes, even the top
Of all our lustie shepherds: what dull eye
That never was acquainted with desire,
Hath seene thee wrastle, run, or cast the stone,
With nimble strength and faire delivery,
And hath not sparckled fire, and speedily
Sent secret heat to all the neighbouring veines?
Who ever heard thee sing, that brought againe
That freedome backe was lent unto thy voyce?
Then doe not blame me (Shepherd) if I be
One to be numbred in this company,
Since none that ever saw thee yet were free.

To your complaints: but sure I shall not love:
All that is mine, my selfe and my best hopes,
Are given already: doe not love him then
That cannot love againe: on other men
Bestow those heates more free, that may returne
You fire for fire, and in one flame equall burne.

Amaril. Shall I rewarded be so slenderly
For my affection, most unkind of men?
If I were old, or had agreed with Art,
To give another nature to my cheeks,
Or were I common Mistresse to the love
Of every swaine, or could I with such ease
Call backe my love, as many a wanton doth,
Thou mightst refuse me Shepherd, but to thee
I am only fixt and set, let it not be
A sport, thou gentle Shepherd, to abuse
The love of silly maid..

Peri. Faire soule, ye use
These words to little end: for know, I may
Better call backe that time was yesterday,
Or stay the comming night, then bring my love
Home to my selfe againe, or recreant prove.
I will no longer hold you with delayes,
This present night I have appointed beene
To meet that chaste faire (that injoyes my soule)
In yonder grove, there to make up our loves.
Be not deceiv'd no longer, choose againe,
These neighbouring plaines have many a comely swaine,
Fresher and freer farre then I ere was,
Bestow that love on them and let me passe,
Farewell, be happy in a better choise. *Exit.*

Amaril. Cruell, thou hast struck me deader with thy voice,
Then if the angry heavens with their quicke flames
Had shot me through: I must not leave to love,
I cannot, no I must enjoy thee boy,
Though the great dangers twixt my hopes and that
Be infinite: there is a Shepherd dwels
Downe by the More, whose life hath ever showne
More sullen discontent then *Saturnes* brow,
When he sits frowning on the births of men:

One, that doth weare himselfe away in loneneſſe,
And never joyes unleſſe it be in breaking
The holy plighted troths of mutuall ſoules:
One that luſts after every ſeverall beauty,
But never yet was knowne to love or like.
Were the face fairer or more full of truth,
Than *Phœbe* in her fulneſſe, or the youth
Of ſmooth *Lyæus*, whoſe nigh ſtarved flocks
Are alwayes ſcabby, and infect all ſheepe
They feed withall, whoſe lambes are ever laſt,
And die before their waining, and whoſe dog
Lookes like his Maſter, leane, and full of ſcurffe,
Not caring for the pipe or whiſtle: this man may
(If he be well wrought) doe a deed of wonder,
Forcing me paſſage to my long deſires:
And here he comes, as fitly to my purpoſe
As my quicke thoughts could wiſh for. *Enter Shepherd.*

Shep. Freſh beauty, let me not be thought uncivill,
Thus to be partner of your loneneſſe: 'twas
My love (that ever working paſſion) drew
Me to this place to ſeeke ſome remedy
For my ſicke ſoule: be not unkind and faire,
For ſuch, the mighty *Cupid* in his doome
Hath ſworne to be aveng'd on; then give roome
To my conſuming fires, that ſo I may
Injoy my long deſires, and ſo allay
Thoſe flames, that elſe would burne my life away.

Amar. Shepherd, were I but ſure thy heart were ſound
As thy words ſeeme to be, meanes might be found
To cure thee of thy long paines: for to me
That heavie youth conſuming miſery,
The love-ſicke ſoule endures, never was pleaſing;
I could be well content with the quicke eaſing
Of thee and thy hot fires, might it procure
Thy faith, and farther ſervice to be ſure,

Sull. Name but that great worke, danger, or what can
Be compaſt by the wit or Art of man,
And if I faile in my performance, may
I never more kneele to the riſing day.

Amar. Then thus I try thee Shepherd, this ſame night,

That now comes stealing on, a gentle paire
Have promis'd equall love, and doe apoint
To make yon wood the place where hands & hearts
Are to be ty'd for ever : breake their meeting
And their strong faith, and I am ever thine.

Sull. Tell me their names, and if I doe not move
(By my great power) the center of their love
From his fixt being, let me never more
Warme me by those faire eyes I thus adore.

Amar. Come, as we go Ile tell thee what they are,
And give thee fit directions for thy worke. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. How have I wrong'd the times, or men, that thus
After this holy feast I passe unknowne
And unsaluted ? t'was not wont to be
Thus frozen with the younger company
Of jolly Shepherds : t'was not then held good,
For lusty groomes to mixe their quicker bloud
With that dull humour, most unfit to be
The friend of man, cold and dull chastitie.
Sure I am held not faire, or am too old,
Or else not free enough, or from my fold
Drive not a flocke sufficient great to gaine
The greedy eyes of wealth alluring swaine:
Yet if I may believe what others say,
My face has soyle enough, nor can they lay
Justly too strict a coyneſse to my charge ;
My flocks are many, and the downes as large
They feed upon : then let it ever be
Their coldneſse, not my virgin modesty
Makes me complaine. *Enter Thenot*

The. Was ever man but I,
Thus truely taken with uncertainty ?
Where shall that man be found that loves a mind
Made up in constancie, and dares not finde
His love rewarded ? here, let all men know,
A wretch that lives to love his mistresse so.

Clo. Shepherd I pray thee stay, where hast thou beene,
Or whither goest thou ? here be woods as greene
As any, ayre as fresh and sweet,

As where smooth *Zephyrus* playes on the fleet
Face of the curled streames, with flowers as many
As the young spring gives, and as choyce as any;
Heere be all new delights, coole streames and wels,
Arbours oregrone with woodbins, Caves, and dels,
Chuse where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
Or gather rushes, to make many a ring
For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love,
How the pale *Phœbe* hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy *Endimion*, from whose eyes
She tooke eternall fire that never dyes;
How she convayd him softly in a sleepe,
His temples bound with poppy to the steepe
Head of old *Latmus*, where she stoopes each night,
Gilding the mountaine with her brothers light,
To kisse her sweetest. *The.* Farre from me are these
Hot flashes bred from wanton heate and ease;
I have forgot what love and loving meant;
Rimes, Songs, and merry rounds, that oft are sent
To the soft eare of Mayde, are strange to me:
Onely I love t'admire a chastitie,
That neither pleasing age, smooth tongue, or gold,
Could ever breake upon, so sure the mold
Is that her minde was cast in; 'tis to her
I onely am reserv'd; she is my forme I stirre
By, breath and move, 'tis she and onely she
Can make me happy, or give misery.

Clo. Good shepherd, may a stranger crave to know
To whom this deare observance you doe owe?

The. You may, and by her vertue learne to square
And levell out your life: for to be faire
And nothing vertuous, onely fits the eye
Of gaudy youth, and swelling vanitie.
Then know, shee's cald the virgin of the grove,
She that hath long since buryed her chaste love,
And now lives by his grave, for whose deare soule
She hath vowd her selfe into the holy role
Of strickt virginitie; 'tis her I so admire,
Not any loofer blood or new desire.

Clo. Farewell poore swaine, thou art not for my bend,
Amar. Then thus I try thee Shepherd, and [illegible]

I must have quicker soules, whose words may tend,
To some free action: give me him dare love
At first encounter, and as soone dare prove.

The Song.

Come Shepherds come,
Come away without delay
Whilst the gentle time doth stay,
Greene woods are dumme,
And will never tell to any,
Those deare kisses, and those many
Sweet imbraces that are given,
Dainty pleasures that would even
Raise in coldest age a fire,
And give virgin blood desire.
Then if ever,
Now or never,
Come and have it,
Thinke not I,
Dare deny,
If you crave it. *Enter Daphnis.*

Here comes another: better be my speede,
Thou god of blood, but certaine if I reade
Not false, this is that modest Shepherd, he
That onely dare salute, but nere could be
Brought to kisse any, hold discourse, or sing,
Whisper, or boldly aske that wished thing
We all are borne for, one that makes loving faces,
And could be well content to covet graces,
Were they not got by boldnesse; in this thing
My hopes are frozen, and but fate doth bring
Him hither, I would sooner choose
A man made out of snow, and freer use
An Eunuch to my ends: but since he's here,
Thus I attempt him. Thou of men most deare,
Welcome to her, that onely for thy sake,
Hath beene content to live: here boldly take
My hand in pledge, this hand, that never yet
Was given away to any, and but sit
Downe on this rushy bancke, whilst I goe pull
Fresh blossomes from the bowes, or quickly cull

The choisest delicates from yonder meade,
To make thee chaines or chaplets, or to spread
Vnder our fainting bodies, when delight
Shall locke up all our senses. How the sight
Of those smooth rising cheeks renue the story
Of young *Adonis*, when in pride and glory
He lay infolded twixt the beating armes
Of willing *Venus*: me thinkes stronger charmes
Dwell in those speaking eyes, and on that brow
More sweetnesse than the painters can allow
To their best peeces: not *Narcissus*, he.
That wept himselfe away in memory
Of his owne beauty, nor *Silvanus* boy,
Nor the twice ravisht maid, for whom old Troy
Fell by the hand of *Pirrhus*, may to thee,
Be otherwise compar'd, then some dead tree
To a young fruitfull Olive. *Daph.* I can love,
But I am loath to say so, lest I prove
Too soone unhappy.

Cloe. Happy thou wouldst say,
My deerest *Daphnis* blush not, if the day
To thee and thy soft heates be enemy,
Then take the comming night, faire youth tis free
To all the world, shepherd Ile meet thee then
When darkenesse hath shut up the eyes of men,
In yonder grove: speake shall our meeting hold?
Indeed ye are too bashfull, be more bold,
And tell me I. *Daph.* I'm content to say so,
And would be glad to meet, might I but pray so,
Much from your faireneſſe, that you would be true.

Cloe. Shepherd thou hast thy wish.

Daph. Fresh maid adew:
Yet one word more, since you have drawne me on
To come this night, feare not to meet alone
That man that will not offer to be ill,
Though your bright selfe would aske it, for his fill
Of this worlds goodnesse: doe not feare him then,
But keepe your pointed time; let other men
Set up their bloods to sale, mine shall be ever,
Amar. Then thus I try thee Shepherd, *Exit.*

Cloe. Yet am I poorer than I was before.
Is it not strange, among so many a score
Of lusty bloods, I should picke out these things
Whose veines like a dull river farre from springs,
Is still the same, slow, heavie, and unfit
For streame or motion, though the strong winds hit
With their continuall power upon his sides?
O happy be your names that have beene brides,
And tasted those rare sweetes for which I pine:
And farre more heavie be thy griefe and time,
Thou lazie swaine that maist relieve my needs,
Then his upon whose liver alwayes feeds
A hungry vulture. *Enter Alexis.*

Alex. Can such beauty be
Safe in his owne guard, and not draw the eye
Of him that passeth on, to greedy gaze,
Or covetous desire, whilst in a maze
The better part contemplates, giving reine
And wished freedome to the labouring veine?
Faireſt and whiteſt, may I crave to know
The cause of your retirement, why ye goe
Thus all alone; me thinkes the downes are sweeter,
And the young company of swaines more meeter,
Then those forsaken and untroden places.
Give not your selfe to loneneſſe, and those Graces
Hide from the eyes of men, that were intended
To live amongst us swaines.

Cloe. Thou art befriended
Shepherd, in all my life I have not seene
A man in whom greater contents hath beene,
Then thou thy selfe art: I could tell thee more,
Were there but any hope left to restore
My freedome lost. O lend me all thy red,
Thou shamefast Morning, when from *Tithons* bed
Thou riseſt ever maiden. *Alex.* If for me,
Thou sweeteſt of all sweets, these flashes be,
Speake and be satisfied; O guide her tongue,
My better angell, force my name among
Her modeſt thoughts, that the first word may be,

Cloe. *Alexis*, when the sunne shall kisse the sea,

Taking his rest by the white *Thetis* side,
Meet in the holy wood, where Ile abide
Thy comming Shepherd. *Alex.* If I stay behind,
An everlasting dulnesse, and the wind,
That as hee passeth by shuts up the streame
Of *Rhine* or *Volga*, whilst the sunnes hot beame
Beats backe againe, ceaze me, and let me turne
To coldnesse more than yce: oh how I burne
And rise in youth and fire! I dare not stay.
Cloe. My name shall be your word.
Alex. Fly fly thou day. *Exit.*
Cloe. My griefe is great if both these boyes should faile,
He that will use all winds must shift his saile. *Exit.*

Actus secundus, Scena prima.

Enter an old Shepherd with a Bell ringing, and the Priest of Pan *following.*

Priest. Shepherds all, and maidens faire,
Fold your flocks up, for the Aire
Gins to thicken, and the Sunne
Already his great course hath runne.
See the dew drops how they kisse
Every little flower that is:
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of christall beades.
See the heavie clouds lowd falling,
And bright *Hesperus* downe calling,
The dead night from under ground,
At whose rising mists unsound,
Damps, and vapours fly apace,
Hovering ore the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloome;
Therefore from such danger locke
Every one his loved flocke,
And let your dogs lye loose without,
Lest the VVoolfe come as a scout
From the mountaine, and ere day

Amar. Then thus I fry thee Shepherd, [illegible]

Beare a Lambe or Kid away,
Or the crafty theeviſh Foxe,
Breake upon your ſimple flocks:
To ſecure your ſelves from theſe,
Be not too ſecure in eaſe,
Let one eye his watches keepe,
Whilſt the tother eye doth ſleepe;
So you ſhall good Shepherds prove,
And for ever hold the love
Of our great god. Sweeteſt ſlumbers
And ſoft ſilence fall in numbers
On your eye-lids: ſo farewell,
Thus I end my evenings knell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clorin the Shepherdesse ſorting of hearbs, and telling the natures of them.

Now let me know what my beſt Art hath done,
Helpt by the great power of the vertuous moone
In her full light; ô you ſonnes of earth,
You onely brood, unto whoſe happy birth
Vertue was given, holding more of nature
Then man her firſt borne and moſt perfect creature,
Let me adore you; you that onely can
Helpe or kill nature, drawing out that ſpan
Of life and breath even to the end of time,
You that theſe hands did crop, long before prime
Of day, give me your names, and next your hidden power,
This is the *Clote* bearing a yellow flower,
And this blacke Horehound, both are very good,
For ſheepe or ſhepherd, bitten by a wood
Dogs venomd tooth; theſe Ramuns branches are,
Which ſtucke in entries, or about the barre
That holds the doore faſt, kill all inchantments, charmes,
Were they *Medeas* verſes that doe harmes
To men or cattell; theſe for frenzy be
A ſpeedy and a ſoveraigne remedie,
The bitter wormewood, Sage, and Marigold,
Such ſimpathy with mans good they doe hold;
This Tormentil, whoſe vertue is to part
All deadly killing poyſon from the heart;
And here *Narciſſus* roote, for Cruellings beſt

Yellow *Lecimacus*, to give sweet rest
To the faint Shepherd, killing where it comes,
All busie gnats, and every flye that hummes:
For leprosie, Darnell, and Sollondine,
With Calamint, whose vertues doe refine
The bloud of man, making it free and faire
As the first houre it breath'd, or the best aire.
Here other two, but your rebellious use
Is not for me, whose goodnesse is abuse;
Therefore foule Standergrasse, from me and mine
I banish thee with lustfull Turpentine,
You that intice the veines, and stirre the heat
To civill mutiny, scaling the seate
Our reason moves in, and deluding it
With dreames and wanton fancies, till the fit
Of burning lust be quencht by appetite,
Robbing the soule of blessednesse and light:
And thou light *Varvin* too, thou must go after
Provoking easy soules to mirth and laughter,
No more shall I dip thee in water now,
And sprinckle every post, and every bow
With thy well pleasing juyce, to make the groomes,
Swell with high mirth, as with joy all the roomes.

Enter Thenot.

The. This is the Cabin where the best of all
Her sexe, that ever breath'd, or ever shall
Give heat or happinesse to the Shepherds side,
Doth onely to her worthy selfe abide.
Thou blessed starre, I thanke thee for thy light,
Thou by whose power the darkenesse of sad night
Is banisht from the earth, in whose dull place
Thy chaster beames play on the heavy face
Of all the world, making the blew sea smile,
To see how cunningly thou dost beguile
Thy brother of his brightnesse, giving day
Againe from *Chaos*, whiter then that way
That leades to *Ioves* high Court, and chaster farre
Then chastitie it selfe, yon blessed starre
That nightly shines, thou, all the constancie
That in all women was, or ere shall be...

Amar. Then tells I thy true love be...

From whose faire eye-balls flyes that holy fire,
That Poets stile the mother of desire,
Infusing into every gentle brest,
A soule of greater price, and farre more blest
Then that quicke power, which gives a difference,
Twixt man and creatures of a lower sense.
Clo. Shepherd how cam'st thou hither to this place?
No way is troden, all the verdant grasse,
The spring shot up, stands yet unbrused heere
Of any foote, onely the dappled Deere
Farre from the feared sound of crooked horne
Dwels in this fastnesse. *Th.* Chaster then the morne,
I have not wandred, or by strong illusion,
Into this vertuous place have made intrusion:
But hither am I come (beleeve me faire)
To seeke you out, of whose great good the Ayre
Is full, and strongly labours, whilst the sound
Breakes against heaven, and drives into a stound
The amazed Shepherd, that such vertue can
Be resident in lesser then a man.
Clor. If any art I have, or hidden skill,
May cure thee of disease or festred ill,
Whose griefe or greenenesse to anothers eye
May seeme unpossible of remedy,
I dare yet undertake it. *The.* 'Tis no paine
I suffer through disease, no beating veine
Convayes infection dangerous to the heart,
No part impostum'd to be cur'd by Art,
This body holds; and yet a feller griefe
Then ever skilfull hand did give relieve
Dwels on my soule, and may be heal'd by you
Faire beauteous virgin.
Clor. Then shepherd let me sue
To know thy griefe; that man yet never knew
The way to health, that durst not shew his sore.
Then. Then fairest know I love you.
Clor. Swaine no more.
Thou hast abus'd the strictnesse of this place,
And offred Sacrilegeous foule disgrace
To the sweet rest of these interred bones;

For feare of whose ascending fly at once,
Thou and thy idle passions, that the sight
Of death and speedy vengeance may not fright
Thy very soule with horror. *Then.* Let me not
Thou all perfection merit such a blot
For my true zealous faith. *Clor.* Dar'st thou abide
To see this holy earth at once divide
And give her body up? for sure it will,
If thou pursu'st with wanton flames to fill
This hallowed place; therefore repent and goe,
Whilst I with praise appease his Ghost below,
That else would tell thee what it were to be
A rivall in that vertuous love that he
Imbraces yet. *Then.* 'Tis not the white or red
Inhabits in your cheeke that thus can wed
My mind to adoration; nor your eye
Though it be full and faire, your forehead high,
And smooth as *Pelops* shoulder; not the smile
Lies watching in those dimples to beguile
The easie soule, your hands and fingers long
With veines inameld richly, nor your tongue,
Though it spoke sweeter then *Arions* Harpe,
Your haire woven into many a curious warpe,
Able in endlesse errour to infold
The wandring soule, not the true perfect mould
Of all your body, which as pure doth show
In Maiden whitenesse as the Alpsien snow.
All these, were but your constancie away,
Would please me lesse, then a blacke stormy day
The wretched Seaman toyling through the deep.
But whilst this honour'd strictnesse you dare keepe,
Though all the plagues that ere begotten were
In the great wombe of aire were setled here
In opposition, I would like the tree,
Shake off those drops of weakenesse, and be free
Even in the arme of danger. *Clor.* Wouldst thou have
Me raise againe fond man from silent grave,
Those sparkes that long agoe were buried here,
With my dead friends cold ashes? *Then.* Dearest deare,
I dare not aske it, nor you must not grant;

Stand

Stand ſtrongly to your vow, and doe not faint:
Remember how he lov'd ye, and be ſtill,
The ſame opinion ſpeakes ye, let not will,
And that great god of women, Appetite,
Set up your blood againe, doe not invite
Deſire, and fancie from their long exile,
To ſet them once more in a pleaſing ſmile:
Be like a Rocke made firmely up 'gainſt all
The power of angry heaven, or the ſtrong fall
Of *Neptunes* battery; if ye yeeld, I die
To all affection; tis that loyaltie
Ye tie unto this grave I ſo admire;
And yet there's ſomething elſe I would deſire,
If you would heare me, but withall deny,
O *Pan*, what an uncertaine deſtiny
Hangs over all my hopes! I will retire,
For if I longer ſtay, this double fire
Will licke my life up. *Clor.* Doe, and let time weare out
What Art and Nature cannot bring about.
Then. Farewell thou ſoule of vertue, and be bleſt
For ever, whilſt here I wretched reſt
Thus to my ſelfe; yet grant me leave to dwell
In kenning of this Arbor; yon ſame dell
Ore-topt with mourning Cipreſſe and ſad Ewe,
Shall be my Cabin, where Ile earely rew,
Before the Sunne hath kiſt this dew away,
The hard uncertaine chance which Fate doth lay
Vpon this head. *Clor.* The gods give quicke releaſe
And happy cure unto thy hard diſeaſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sullen, Shepherd.

Sullen. I doe not love this wench that I ſhould meet,
For never did my unconſtant eye yet greet
That beauty, were it ſweeter or more faire,
Then the new bloſſomes, when the morning ayre
Blowes gently on them, or the breaking light,
When many maiden bluſhes to our ſight
Shootes from his early face: were all theſe ſet
In ſome neat forme before me, 'twould not get
The leaſt love from me; ſome deſire it might,
O preſent burning: all to me in ſight

Are equall, be they faire, or blacke, or browne,
Virgin, or careleſſe wanton, I can crowne
My appetite with any; ſweare as oft,
And weepe, as any, melt my words as ſoft
Into a maiden eares, and tell how long
My heart has beene her ſervant, and how ſtrong
My paſſions are: call her unkind and cruell,
Offer her all I have to gaine the Iewell
Maidens ſo highly praiſe: then loath, and fly:
This doe I hold a bleſſed deſtiny. *Enter Amarillis.*

Amar. Haile Shepherd, *Pan* bleſſe both thy flocke and thee,
For being mindfull of thy word to me.

Sul. Welcome faire Shepherdeſſe, thy loving ſwaine
Gives thee the ſelfe ſame wiſhes backe againe,
Who till this preſent houre nere knew that eye,
Could make me croſſe mine armes or daily dye
With freſh conſumings: boldly tell me then,
How ſhall we part their faithfull loves, and when;
Shall I bely him to her, ſhall I ſweare
His faith is falſe, and he loves every where?
Ile ſay he mockt her th' other day to you,
Which will by your confirming ſhew as true,
For he is of ſo pure an honeſty,
To thinke (becauſe he will not) none will lye:
Or elſe to him Ile ſlaunder *Amoret*;
And ſay, ſhe but ſeemes chaſte; Ile ſweare ſhe met
Me 'mongſt the ſhady Sycamours laſt night,
And looſely offred up her flame and ſpright
Into my boſome, made a wanton bed
Of leaves and many flowers, where ſhe ſpred
Her willing body to be preſt by me;
There have I carv'd her name on many a tree,
Together with mine owne; to make this ſhow
More full of ſeeming, *Hobinall* you know,
Sonne to the aged Shepherd of the Glen,
Him I have ſorted out of many men,
To ſay he found us at our private ſport,
And rouz'd us 'fore our time by his reſort:
This to confirme, I have promis'd to the boy

Amar. [illegible]

As grinnes to catch him birds, with bowe and bolt,
To shoot at nimble Squirrels in the holt;
A paire of painted Buskins, and a Lambe,
Soft as his owne lockes, or the downe of Swan;
This I have done to winne ye, which doth give
Me double pleasure. Discord makes me live.

Amar. Lov'd swaine I thanke ye, these tricks might prevaile
With other rusticke shepherds, but will faile
Even once to stirre, much more to overthrow
His fixed love from judgement, who doth know
Your nature, my end, and his chosens merit;
Therefore some stronger way must force his spirit,
VVhich I have found: give second, and my love
Is everlasting thine. *Sull.* Try me and prove.

Amar. These happy paire of Lovers meet straight way,
Soone as they fold their flocks up with the day,
In the thicke grove bordering upon yon hill,
In whose hard side Nature hath carv'd a well,
And but that matchlesse spring which Poets know,
VVas nere the like to this: by it doth grow
About the sides, all hearbs which Witches use,
All Simples good for Medicine or abuse,
All sweets that crowne the happy Nuptiall day,
VVith all their colours, there the month of May
Is ever dwelling, all is young and greene,
There's not a grasse on which was ever seene
The falling *Autumne*, or cold *Winters* hand,
So full of heate and vertue is the land
About this fountaine, which doth slowly breake
Below yon Mountaines foot, into a Creeke
That waters all the valley, giving Fish
Of many sorts, to fill the Shepherds dish.
This holy well, my Grandame that is dead,
Right wise in charmes, hath often to me sed,
Hath power to change the forme of any creature,
Being thrice dipt o're the head, into what feature,
Or shape 'twould please the letter downe to crave,
VVho must pronounce this charme too, which she gave
Me on her death-bed, told me what, and how,
I should apply unto the Patients brow.

That charming tongue gives to the happy eare
Of him that drinkes your language? but I feare
I am too much unmanner'd, farre to rude,
And almost growne lascivious to intrude
These hot behaviours, where regard of fame,
Honour, and modesty, a vertuous name,
And such discourse, as one faire sister may
Without offence unto the brother say,
Should rather have beene tendred: but beleeve
Here dwels a better temper, doe not greeve
Then, ever kindest, that my first salute
Seasons so much of fancie, I am mute
Henceforth to all discourses, but shall be
Suting to your sweet thoughts and modestie.
Indeed I will not aske a kisse of you,
No not to wring your fingers, nor to sue
To those blest paire of fixed starres for smiles,
All a young lovers cunning, all his wiles,
And pretty wanton dyings, shall to me
Be strangers, onely to your chastitie
I am devoted ever. *Cloe.* Honest Swaine,
First let me thanke you, then returne againe
As much of my love: no thou art too cold
Vnhappy boy, not tempred to my mold,
Thy bloud fals heavy downeward, 'tis not feare
To offend in boldnesse wins, they never weare
Deserved favours that deny to take
When they are offerd freely: doe I wake
To see a man of his youth, yeares and feature,
And such a one as we call goodly creature,
Thus backward? what a world of precious Art
Were meerely lost, to make him doe his part?
But I will shake him off, that dares not hold,
Let men that hope to be belov'd be bold.
Daphnis, I doe desire, since we are met
So happily, our lives and fortunes set
Vpon one stake, to give assurance now,
By interchange of hands and holy vow,
Never to breake againe: walke you that way,
Whilst I in zealous meditation stray

A little this way: when we both have ended
These rights and duties, by the woods befriended,
And secresie of night, retyre and finde
An aged Oake, whose hollownesse may binde
Vs both within his body, thither goe,
It stands within yon bottom. *Daph.* Be it so. *Exit Daph.*
Cloe. And I will meet there never more with thee,
Thou idle shamefastnesse. *Alex. within.* Cloe. *Clo.* Tis he
That dare I hope be bolder. *Alex.* Cloe. *Cloe.* Now
Great *Pan* for *Sirinx* sake bid speed our plow. *Exit Cloe.*

Actus tertius, Scena prima.

Enter Sullen *Shepherd with* Amarillis *in a sleepe.*

Sull. From thy forehead thus I take
These hearbs, and charge thee not awake,
Till in yonder holy VVell,
Thrice with powerfull Magicke spell,
Fill'd with many a balefull word,
Thou hast been dipt; thus with my cord
Of blasted hempe, by Moone-light twinde,
I doe thy sleepy body binde;
I turne thy head into the East,
And thy feet into the West,
Thy left arme to the South put forth,
And thy right unto the North:
I take thy body from the ground,
In this deepe and deadly swound,
And into this holy spring,
I let thee slide downe by my string.
Take this mayd thou holy pit,
To thy bottom, neerer yet,
In thy water pure and sweet,
By thy leave I dip her feet;
Thus I let her lower yet,
That her anckles may be wet;
Yet downe lower, let her knee
In thy waters washed bee;
There stop: Fly away
Every thing that loves the day.

Truth that hath but one face,
Thus I charme thee from this place.
Snakes that cast your coats for new,
Camelions that alter hue,
Hares that yearely sexes change,
Proteus altring oft and strange,
Hecate with shapes three,
Let this Mayden changed be,
With this holy water wet,
To the shape of *Amoret*:
Cynthia worke thou with my charme,
Thus I draw thee free from harme
Vp out of this blessed Lake,
Rise both like her and awake. *She awakes*

Amar. Speake shepherd, am I *Amoret* to sight?
Or hast thou mist in any Magicke right;
For want of which any defect in me,
May make our practices discovered be?

Sul. By yonder Moone, but that I here doe stand,
Whose breath hath thus transformd thee, and whose hand
Let thee downe dry, and pluckt thee up thus wet,
I should my selfe take thee for *Amoret*;
Thou art in clothes, in feature, voice and hew
So like, sense cannot distinguish you.

Ama. Then this deceit which cannot crossed be,
At once shall loose her him, and gaine thee me.
Hither she needs must come by promise made,
And sure his nature never was so bad,
To bid a virgin meet him in the wood,
When night and feare are up, but understood,
Twas his part to come first: being come, Ile say
My constant love made me come first and stay:
Then will I leade him further to the grove,
But stay you here, and if his owne true Love
Shall seeke him here, set her in some wrong path,
Which say her Lover lately troden hath,
Ile not be farre from hence, if need there be
Here is another charme, whose power will free
The dazeled sense, reade by the Moones beames cleare,
And in my owne true shape make me appeare. *Enter Peri.*

Sull. Stand

Sull. Stand close, here's *Perigot*, whose constant heart
Longs to behold her in whose shape thou art.
Per. This is the place (faire *Amoret*) the houre
Is yet scarce come: here every Sylvan power
Delights to be about yon sacred well,
Which they have blest with many a powerfull spell;
For never travailer in dead of night,
Nor strayed beasts have false in, but when sight
Hath faild them, then their right way they have found
By helpe of them, so holy is the ground:
But I will farther seeke, lest *Amoret*
Should be first come, and so stray long unmet.
My *Amoret*, *Amoret*. *Exit.* *Amar. Perigot.*
Per. My Love. *Amar.* I come my Love. *Exit.*
Sull. Now she hath got
Her owne desires, and I shall gainer be
Of my long lookt for hopes as well as she.
How bright the Moone shines here, as if she strove
To show her glory in this little grove, *Enter Amoret.*
To some new loved Shepherd. Yonder is
Another *Amoret*. Where differs this
From that? but that she *Perigot* hath met,
I should have tane this for the counterfet:
Hearbs, woods, and springs, the power that in you lies,
If mortall men could know your properties!
Amo. Me thinks it is not night, I have no feare,
Walking this wood, of Lyon, or the Beare,
Whose names at other times have made me quake,
When any Shepherdesse in her tale spake
Of some of them, that underneath a wood
Have tome true Lovers that together stood.
Me thinkes there are no Goblins, and mens talke,
That in these woods the nimble Fayries walke,
Are fables; such a strong heart I have got,
Because I come to meet with *Perigot*.
My *Perigot*, who's that, my *Perigot*?
Sul. Faire maid. *Amo.* Ay me, thou art not *Perigot*,
Sull, But I can tell ye newes of *Perigot*:
An houre together under yonder tree
He sate with wreathed armes and calld on thee,

And said, Why *Amoret* stayest thou so long?
Then starting up, downe yonder path he flung,
Least thou hadst mist thy way: were it day light
He could not yet have borne him out of sight.
Amor. Thanks gentle Shepherd, and beshrew my stay,
That made me fearefull I had lost my way:
As fast as my weake legs, (that cannot be
Weary with seeking him) will carry me,
Ile seeke him out; and for thy curtesie
Pray *Pan* thy Love may ever follow thee. *Exit.*
Sull. How bright she was, how lovely did she show?
Was it not pitie to deceive her so?
Shee pluckt her garments up, and tript away,
And with a Virgin-innocence did pray
For me that perjur'd her. Whilst she was here,
Me thought the beames of light that did appeare,
Were shot from her; me thought the Moone gave none,
But what it had from her: she was alone
With me, if then her presence did so move,
Why did not I assay to winne her love?
She would not sure have yeelded unto me;
Women love onely opportunitie
And not the man; or if she had denied,
Alone, I might have forc'd her to have tryed
Who had been stronger: ô vaine foole, to let
Such blest occasion passe; Ile follow yet,
My blood is up, I cannot now forbeare. *Enter Alex. & Cloe*
I come sweet *Amoret*. Soft, who is here?
A paire of Lovers? He shall yeeld her me,
Now lust is up, alike all women be.
Alex. Where shall we rest? but for the love of me,
Cloe I know ere this would weary be.
Cloe. *Alexis*, let us rest here, if the place
Be private, and out of the common trace
Of every shepherd: for I understood
This night a number are about the wood:
Then let us choose some place, where out of sight
We freely may enjoy our stolne delight.
Alex. Then boldly here, where we shall nere be found,
No Shepherds way lies here, 'tis hallowed ground;
Cloe. Doe thou as thy [illegible]

No mayd seeks here her strayed Cow, or Sheepe,
Fairies and Fawnes, and Satyres doe it keepe:
Then carelesselie rest here, and clip and kisse,
And let no feare make us our pleasures misse.

Cloe. Then lye by me, the sooner we begin,
The longer ere the day discery our sin.

Sul. Forbeare to touch my Love, or by yon flame,
The greatest power that shepherds dare to name,
Here, where thou first under this holy tree
Her to dishonour, thou shalt buried be.

Alex. If *Pan* himselfe should come out of the Lawnes,
With all his troupes of Satyrs and of Fawnes,
And bid me leave, I sweare by her two eyes,
A greater oath than thine, I would not rise.

Sull. Then from the cold earth never thou shalt move,
But lose at one stroke both thy life and love.

Clo. Hold gentle shepherd. *Sul.* Fairest shepherdesse,
Come you with me, I doe not love ye lesse
Than that fond man, that would have kept you there
From me of more desert. *Alex.* O yet forbeare
To take her from me; give me leave to die
By her.

The Satyr enters, he runs one way and she another.

Sat. Now whilst the Moone doth rule the skie,
And the starres, whose feeble light
Give a pale shadow to the night,
Are up, great *Pan* commanded me
To walke this Grove about, whilst he
In a corner of the wood,
Where never mortall foot hath stood,
Keepes dancing, musicke, and a feast,
To intertaine a lovely guest:
Where he gives her many a Rose,
Sweeter than the breath that blowes
The leaves; Grapes, Berries of the best,
I never saw so great a feast.
But to my charge: here must I stay,
To see what mortalls lose their way,
And by a false fire seeming bright,
Traine them in and leave them right:

Then must I watch if any be
Forcing of a chastitie;
If I find it, then in haste
Give my wreathed horne a blast,
And the Fairies all will runne,
Wildly dauncing by the Moone,
And will pinch him to the bone,
Till his lustfull thoughts be gone.

Alex. O death! *Sat.* Back againe about this ground,
Sure I heare a mortall sound;
I binde thee by this powerfull spell,
By the waters of this well,
By the glimmering Moone beames bright,
Speake againe thou mortall wight.

Alex. Oh! *Sat.* Here the foolish mortall lies,
Sleeping on the ground: arise.
The poore wight is almost dead,
On the ground his wounds have bled,
And his clothes fould with his blood;
To my Goddesse in the wood
Will I leade him, whose hands pure,
Will helpe this mortall wight to cure. *Enter Cloe againe.*

Cloe. Since I beheld yon shaggy man, my breast
Doth pant, each bush me thinks should hide a beast:
Yet my desire keepes still above my feare,
I wou'd faine meet some shepherd knew I where:
For from one cause of feare I am most free,
It is impossible to ravish me
I am so willing Here upon this ground
I left my Love all bloudy with his wound;
Yet till that fearefull shape made me be gone,
Though he were hurt, I furnisht was of one,
But now both lost: *Alexis*, speake or move,
If thou hast any life thou art yet my love.
Hee's dead, or else is with his little might
Crept from the banke for feare of that ill spright.
Then where art thou that struckst my love? O stay,
Bring me thy selfe in change, and then Ile say
Thou hast some Justice, I will make thee trim
With flowers & garlands that were meant for him;

Ile clip thee round with both mine armes, as fast
As I did meane he should have been imbrac'd:
But thou art fled. What hope is left for me?
Ile run to *Daphnis* in the hollow tree,
VVho I did meane to mocke, though hope be small,
To make him bold; rather than none at all,
Ile try him; his heart, and my behaviour too
Perhaps may teach him what he ought to doe. *Exit.*

Enter Sullen *Shepherd.*

Sul. This was the place, 'twas but my feeble sight,
Mixt with the horror of my deed, and night,
That shapt these feares, and made me run away,
And lose my beautious hardly gotten prey.
Speake gentle Shepherdesse, I am alone,
And tender love for love: but she is gone
From me, that having strucke her lover dead,
For silly feare left her alone and fled.
And see the wounded body is remov'd
By her of whom it was so well belov'd.

Enter Perigot *and* Amarillis *in the shape of* Amoret.

But these fancies must be quite forgot,
I must lie close, here comes young *Perigot*,
With subtill *Amarillis* in the shape
Of *Amoret*. pray Love he may not scape.

Amar. Beloved *Perigot*, shew me some place,
Where I may rest my limbes, weake with the chace
Of thee, an hower before thou cam'st at least.

Per. Beshrew my tardy steps, here shalt thou rest
Vpon this holy banke, no deadly Snake
Vpon this turfe her selfe in foulds doth make.
Here is no poyson for the Toad to feed:
Here boldly spread thy hands, no venom'd weed
Dares blister them, no slimy Snaile dare creepe
Over thy face when thou art fast asleepe;
Here never durst the babling Cuckow spit,
No slough of falling starre did ever hit
Vpon this banke, let this thy Cabin be,
This other set with Violets for me.

Ama. Thou dost not love me *Perigot*. *Per.* Faire mayd,
You onely love to heare it often sayd;

You doe not doubt. *Amar.* Beleeve me but I doe.
Per. What shall we now begin againe to wooe?
Tis the best way to make your Lover last,
To play with him, when you have caught him fast.
Ama. By *Pan* I sweare, I loved *Perigot*,
And by yon Moone, I thinke thou lov'st me not.
Per. By *Pan* I sweare, and if I falsely sweare,
Let him not guard my flockes, let Foxes teare
My earliest lambs, and wolves whilst I doe sleepe
Fall on the rest, a Rot among my sheepe,
I love thee better than the carefull Ewe
The new-yeand lambe that is of her owne hew;
I dote upon thee more than that young lambe
Doth on the bagg that feeds him from his dam.
VVere there a sort of wolves got in my fold,
And one ran after thee, both young and old
Should be devour'd, and it should be my strife
To save thee, whom I love above my life.
Ama. How shall I trust thee when I see thee chuse
Another bed, and dost my side refuse?
Per. 'Twas only that the chaste thoughts might be shewne
Twixt thee and me, although we were alone.
Ama Come *Perigot* will shew his power, that he
Can make his *Amaret*, though she weary be,
Rise nimbly from her couch, and come to his.
Here take thy *Amaret*, imbrace and kisse.
Per. What means my love? *Ama.* To do as lovers shud,
That are to be injoy'd, not to be woo'd.
There's nere a Shepherdesse in all the plaine
Can kisse thee with more Art, there's none can faine
More wanton tricks. *Per.* Forbeare deare soule to trie,
VVhether my heart be pure; Ile rather die
Than nourish one thought to dishonour thee.
Ama. Still thinkst thou such a thing as Chastitie
Is amongst women? *Perigot* there's none,
That with her love is in a wood alone,
And would come home a mayd; be not abus'd
VVith thy fond first beliefe, let time be us'd:
Why dost thou rise? *Per.* My true heart thou hast slaine.
Ama. Faith *Perigot*, Ile plucke thee downe againe.

Per. Let

Per. Let go thou Serpent, that into my breſt
Haſt with thy cunning div'd; art not in jeſt?
Ama. Sweet love lie down. *Per.* Since this I live to ſee,
Some bitter North wind blaſt my flockes and me.
Ama. You ſwore you lov'd, yet will not doe my will.
Per. O be as thou wert once, Ile love thee ſtill.
Ama. I am, as ſtill I was, and all my kinde,
Though other ſhowes we have poore men to blinde.
Per. Then here I end all love, and left my vaine
Beliefe ſhould ever draw me in againe,
Before thy face that haſt my youth miſ-led,
I end my life, my bloud be on thy head.
Ama O hold thy hands thy *Amoret* doth cry.
Per. Thou counſail'ſt well, firſt *Amoret* ſhall dye,
That is the cauſe of my eternall ſmart. *He runs after her.*
Ama. O hold. *Per.* This ſteel ſhal pierce thy luſtful heart.

The Sullen Shepherd ſteps out, and uncharmes her.

Sul. Vp and downe every where,
I ſtrew the hearbs to purge the ayre:
Let your Odour drive hence
All miſtes that dazell ſenſe.
Hearbes and ſprings whoſe hidden might
Alters ſhapes, and mockes the ſight,
Thus I charge ye to undoe
All before I brought ye to:
Let her flye, let her ſcape,
Give againe her owne ſhape.

Enter Amarillis *in her owne ſhape.*

Amar. Forbeare thou gentle ſwaine, thou doſt miſtake,
She whom thou followedſt fled into the brake,
And as I croſt thy way, I met thy wrath,
The only feare of which neere ſlaine me hath.
Per. Pardon faire Shepherdeſſe, my rage and night
Were both upon me, and beguild my ſight;
But farre be it from me to ſpill the bloud
Of harmeleſſe maides that wander in the wood. *Exit Ama.*

Enter Amoret.

Amo. Many a weary ſtep in yonder path,
Poore hopeleſſe *Amoret* twice troden hath,

To seeke her *Perigot*, yet cannot heare
His voyce; my *Perigot*, she loues thee deare
That calls. *Per.* See yonder where she is, how faire
She showes, and yet her breath infects the Ayre.
Amo. My *Perigot*. *Per.* Here. *Amo.* Happy.
Per. Hapleſſe first:
It lights on thee, the next blow is the worſt.
Amo. Stay *Perigot*, my love thou art unjuſt.
Per. Death is the beſt reward that's due to luſt. *Ex. Per.*
Sull Now ſhall their love be croſt, for being ſtrucke,
Ile throw her in the Fount, leſt being tooke
By ſome night-travailer, whoſe honeſt care
May helpe to cure her. Shepherdeſſe prepare
Your ſelfe to die. *Amo.* No mercy I doe crave,
Thou canſt not give a worſe blow than I have;
Tell him that gave me this, who lov'd him too,
He ſtrucke my ſoule, and not my body through.
Tel him when I am dead, my ſoule ſhall be
At peace, if he but thinke he injur'd me.
Sull. In this Fount be thy grave, thou wert not meant
Sure for a woman, thou art ſo innocent. *He flings her into*
She cannot ſcape, for underneath the ground, *the well.*
In a long hollow the cleare ſpring is bound,
Till on yon ſide where the Mornes Sunne doth looke,
The ſtrugling water breakes out in a Brooke. *Exit.*

The God of the River riſeth with Amoret *in his armes.*

God. VVhat powerfull charmes my ſtreames doe bring
Backe againe unto their ſpring,
With ſuch force, that I their god,
Three times ſtriking with my Rod,
Could not keepe them in their ranks:
My Fiſhes ſhoot into the bankes,
There's not one that ſtayes and feeds,
All have hid them in the weeds.
Here's a mortall almoſt dead,
Falne into my River head,
Hallowed ſo with many a ſpell,
That till now none ever fell.
Tis a Female young and cleare,

Cast in by some Ravisher.
See upon her breast a wound,
On which there is no plaister bound.
Yet shee's warme, her pulses beat,
Tis a signe of life and heat.
If thou bee'st a Virgin pure,
I can give a present cure:
Take a drop into thy wound
From my watry lockes more round
Than Orient Pearle, and farre more pure
Than unchast flesh may endure.
See she pants, and from her flesh
The warme bloud gusheth out afresh.
Shee is an unpolluted mayd;
I must have this bleeding stayd.
From my bankes I plucke this flower
With holy hand, whose vertuous power
Is at once to heale and draw.
The bloud returnes. I never saw
A fayrer Mortall. Now doth breake
Her deadly slumber: Virgin, speake.

Amo. Who hath restor'd my sense, given me new breath,
And brought me backe out of the armes of death?

God. I have heald thy wounds. *Amo.* Ay me!

God. Feare not him that succour'd thee:
I am this Fountaines god; below,
My waters to a River grow,
And 'twixt two bankes with Osiers set,
That onely prosper in the wet,
Through the Meadowes doe they glide,
Wheeling still on every side,
Sometimes winding round about,
To find the eveneſt channell out.
And if thou wilt goe with me,
Leaving mortall company,
In the coole streames shalt thou lye,
Free from harme as well as I:
I will give thee for thy food,
No Fish that useth in the mud,
But Trout and Pike that love to swim,

Where the gravell from the brim,
Through the pure streames may be seene:
Orient Pearle fit for a Queene,
Will I give thy love to win,
And a shell to keepe them in:
Not a fish in all my Brooke
That shall disobey thy looke,
But when thou wilt, come sliding by,
And from thy white hand take a flye.
And to make thee understand,
How I can my waves command,
They shall bubble whilst I sing
Sweeter than the silver spring.

The Song.

Doe not feare to put thy feet
Naked in the River sweet;
Thinke not Leach, or Newt, or Toad
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod;
Nor let the water rising high,
As thou wad'st in make thee crie
And sob, but ever live with mee,
And not a wave shall trouble thee.

Amo. Immortal power, that rul'st this holy flood,
I know my selfe unworthy to be woo'd
By thee a god: forere this, but for thee
I shbuld have showne my weake Mortalitie:
Besides, by holy Oath betwixt us twaine,
I am betroath'd unto a Shepherd swaine,
Whose comely face, I know the gods above
May make me leave to see, but not to love.

God. May hee prove to thee as true.
Fairest Virgin, now adue,
I must make my waters flye,
Lest they leave their Channels dry,
And beasts that come unto the spring
Misse their mornings watering,
Which I would not; for of late
All the neighbour people sate
On my bankes, and from the fold,
Two white Lambs of three weeks old

Offered to my Deitie:
For which this yeare they shall be free
From raging floods, that as they passe
Leave their gravell in the grasse:
Nor shall their Meades be overflowne,
When their grasse is newly mowne.
Amo. For thy kindnesse to me showne,
Never from thy bankes be blowne
Any tree, with windy force,
Crosse thy streames, to stop thy course:
May no beast that comes to drinke,
With his hornes cast downe thy brinke;
May none that for thy fish doe looke,
Cut thy bankes to damme thy Brooke;
Bare-foot may no Neighbour wade
In thy coole streames wife nor mayd,
When the spawnes on stones doe lye,
To wash their Hempe, and spoyle the Frye.
God. Thanks Virgin, I must down againe,
Thy wound will put thee to no paine:
Wonder not so soone 'tis gone;
A holy hand was layd upon. *Exit.*
Amo. And I unhappy borne to be,
Must follow him that flies from me.

Actus quartus, Scena prima.

Enter Perigot.

Per. Shee is untrue, unconstant, and unkinde,
She's gone, she's gone, blow high thou North-west winde,
And raise the Sea to Mountaines, let the Trees
That dare oppose thy raging fury, leese
Their firme foundation, creepe into the earth,
And shake the world, as at the monstrous birth
Of some new Prodigy, whilst I constant stand,
Holding this trustie Boare-speare in my hand,
And falling thus upon it.

Enter Amarillis running.

Amar. Stay thy dead doing hand, thou art too hot

Against thy selfe, believe me comely Swaine,
If that thou dyest, not all the showers of Raine,
The heavy cloudes send downe can wash away
That foule unmanly guilt, the world will lay
Vpon thee. Yet thy love untainted stands:
Beleeve me she is constant, not the sands
Can be so hardly numbred as she wonne:
I doe not trifle, *Shepherd*, by the Moone,
And all those lesser lights our eyes doe view,
All that I told thee *Perigot*, is true:
Then be a free man, put away dispayre,
And will to dye, smooth gently up that fayre
Dejected forehead: be as when those eyes,
Tooke the first heat. *Per.* Alas he double dyes
That would believe, but cannot; 'tis not well
Ye keepe me thus from dying here to dwell,
With many worse companions: but oh death,
I am not yet inamourd of this breath
So much, but I dare leave it, 'tis not payne
In forcing of a wound, nor after gayne
Of many dayes, can hold me from my will:
'Tis not my selfe, but *Amoret*, bids kill.

Amo. Stay but a little, little, but one houre,
And if I doe not show thee through the power
Of hearbes and words I have, as darke as Night,
My selfe turn'd to thy *Amoret*, in sight,
Her very figure, and the Robe she weares,
With tawny Buskins, and the hooke she beares
Of thine owne Carving, where your names are set,
Wrought underneath with many a curious frett,
The *Prim-Rose* Chaplet, taudry-lace and Ring,
Thou gavest her for her singing, with each thing
Else that she weares about her, let me feele
The first fell stroke of that Revenging steele.

Per. I am contented, if there be a hope,
To give it entertainement, for the scope
Of one poore houre; goe you shall finde me next
Under yon shady Beech, even thus perplext,
And thus beleeving. *Ama.* Bynde before I goe,
Thy soule by *Pan* unto me, not to doe,

Harme or outragious wrong upon thy life,
Till my returne.

Per. By *Pan* and by the strife,
He had with *Phœbus* for the Masterye,
When Golden *Mydas* judg'd their *Minstralcye*,
I will not. *Exeunt.*

Enter Satyre with Alexis hurt.

Satyr. Softly gliding as I goe,
With this burthen full of woe,
Through still silence of the night,
Guided by the Gloe-wormes light,
Hither am I come at last,
Many a Thicket have I past,
Not a twig that durst deny me,
Not a bush that durst descry me,
To the little Bird that sleepes
On the tender spray: nor creepes
That hardy worme with poynted taile,
But if I be under saile,
Flying faster then the wind,
Leaving all the cloudes behind,
But doth hide her tender head
In some hollow tree or bed
Of seeded Nettles: not a Hare
Can be started from his fare,
By my footing, nor a wish
Is more sudden, nor a fish
Can be found, with greater ease,
Cut the vast unbounded seas,
Leaving neither print nor sound,
Then I, when nimbly on the ground,
I measure many a league an houre:
But behold the happy bower,
That must ease me of my charge,
And by holy hand enlarge
The soule of this sad man, that yet
Lyes fast bound in deadly fit;
Heaven and great *Pan*, sucker it!
Hayle thou beauty of the bower,

Whiter then the Paramoure
Of my master, let me crave,
Thy vertuous helpe to keepe from Grave
This poore Mortall that here lyes,
Waiting when the destinies
Will undoe his thred of life:
View the wound by cruell knife
Trencht into him.

Clo. What art thou call'st me from my holy rights,
And with the feared name of death affrights
My tender Eares? speake me thy name and will.

Satyr. I am the *Satyre* that did fill
Your lap with early fruit, and will,
When I hap to gather more,
Bring ye better and more store:
Yet I come not empty now,
See a blossome from the bow,
But beshrew his heart that pulld it,
And his perfect sight that culld it
From the other Springing bloomes;
For a sweeter youth the Groomes
Cannot show me, nor the downes,
Nor the many neighbouring townes;
Low in yonder glade I found him,
Softly in mine Armes I bound him,
Hither have I brought him sleeping
In a trance, his wounds fresh weeping,
In remembrance such youth may
Spring and Perish in a day.

Clor. Satyre, they wrong thee, that doe terme thee rude,
Though thou beest outward rough and tawny hude:
Thy manners are as gentle and as faire
As his, who brags himselfe, borne onely heire
To all Humanity: let me see the wound:
This Hearbe will stay the current being bound
Fast to the Orifice, and this restraine
Ulcers, and Swellings, and such inward paine,
As the cold Ayre hath forc'd into the sore:
This to draw out such Putrifying gore
As inward falls.

Satyr. Heaven grant it may doe good.
Clor. Fayrely wipe away the bloud:
Hold him gently till I fling
Water of a vertuous spring
On his temples; turne him twice
To the Moone beames, pinch him thrice;
That the labouring soule may draw
From his great ecclipse. *Satyr.* I saw
His Eyelids mooving. *Clor.* Give him breath,
All the danger of cold death
Now is vanisht, with this plaster,
And this unction, doe I master
All the festred ill that may
Give him griefe another day.
Satyr. See he gathers up his spright,
And begins to hunt for light;
Now a gapes and breaths againe:
How the bloud runs to the veine,
That earst was empty? *Alexis.* O my heart,
My deareſt, deareſt *Cloe*, O the smart
Runs through my side: I feele some poynted thing
Passe through my Bowels, sharper then the sting
Of *Scorpion*.
Pan preserve me, what are you?
Doe not hurt me, I am true
To my *Cloe*, though she flye,
And leave me to this destiny.
There she stands, and will not lend
Her smooth white hand to helpe her friend:
But I am much mistaken, for that face
Beares more Austerity and modest grace,
More reproving and more awe
Then these eyes yet ever saw
In my *Cloe*. Oh my paine
Eagerly Renewes againe.
Give me your helpe for his sake you love best.
Clor. Shepherd, thou canst not possible take rest,
Till thou hast laid aside all hearts desires,
Provoking thoughts that stirre up lusty fires,
Commerse with wanton eyes, strong blood, and will

To execute, these must be purg'd untill
The veine grow whiter ; then repent, and pray
Great *Pan* to keepe you from the like decay,
And I shall undertake your cure with ease,
Till when this vertuous Plaster will displease
Your tender sides; give me your hand and rise :
Helpe him a little *Satyre*, for his thighes
Yet are feeble.

Alex. Sure I have lost much bloud.

Satyr. 'Tis no matter, t'was not good.
Mortall you must leave your woing,
Though there be a Ioy in doing,
Yet it brings much griefe behind it,
They best feele it, that doe find it.

Clor. Come bring him in, I will attend his sore.
When you are well, take heed you lust no more.

Saty. Shepherd, see what comes of kissing
By my head t'were better missing.
Brightest, if there be remayning
Any service, without feigning
I will doe it ; were I set
To catch the nimble wind, or get
Shaddowes glyding on the greene,
Or to steale from the great Queene,
Of *Fayryes*, all her Beauty,
I would doe it, so much duty
Doe I owe those precious Eyes.

Clor. I thanke thee honest *Satyre*, if the Cryes
Of any other that be hurt or ill,
Draw thee unto them, prithee doe thy will
To bring them hither.

Satyr. I will, and when the weather
Serves to Angle in the brooke,
I will bring a silver hooke,
With a line of finest silke,
And a rod as white as milke,
To deceive the little fish :
So I take my leave, and wish,
On this Bower may ever dwell
Spring, and summer. *Clor.* Friend farewell. *Exit.*

Enter Amoret, seeking her love.

Amo. This place is Ominous, for here I loſt
My love and almoſt life, and ſince have croſt
All theſe woods over, never a Nooke or dell,
Where any little bird, or beaſt doth dwell,
But I have ſought him, never a bending brow
Of any hill or glade, the wind ſings through,
Nor a greene banke nor ſhade where Shepherds uſe
To ſit and Riddle, ſweetly pipe, or chuſe
Their Valentines, that I have miſt, to find
My love in. *Perigot*, Oh too unkind,
Why haſt thou fled me? whither art thou gone?
How have I wrong'd thee? was my love alone
To thee worthy this ſcorn'd Recompence? 'tis well,
I am content to feele it: but I tell
Thee Shepherd, and theſe luſtie woods ſhall heare,
Forſaken *Amoret* is yet as cleare
Of any ſtranger fire, as heaven is
From foule Corruption, or the deepe Abyſſe
From light and happineſſe; and thou mayſt know
All this for truth, and how that fatall blow
Thou gav'ſt me, never from deſert of mine,
Fell on my life, but from ſuſpect of thine,
Or fury more then madneſſe; therefore, here,
Since I have loſt my life, my love, my deare,
Vpon this curſed place, and on this greene,
That firſt divorced us, ſhortly ſhall be ſeene
A ſight of ſo great pitty, that each eye
Shall dayly ſpend his ſpring in memorye
Of my untimely fall.

Enter Amarillis.

Amaril. I am not blind,
Nor is it through the working of my mind,
That this ſhowes *Amoret*; forſake me all
That dwell upon the ſoule, but what men call
Wonder, or more then wonder Miracle,
For ſure ſo ſtrange as this the Oracle
Never gave anſwer of, it paſſeth dreames,
Or mad mens fancie, when the many ſtreames
Of new Imaginations riſe and fall:

'Tis but an houre since these Eares heard her call
For pittie to young *Perigot*; whilst he,
Directed by his fury Bloodely
Lanch't up her breast, which bloudlesse fell and cold;
And if beliefe may credit what was told,
After all this, the Melancholly Swaine
Tooke her into his Armes being almost slaine,
And to the bottome of the holy well,
Flung her, for ever with the waves to dwell.
'Tis she, the very same, 'tis *Amoret*,
And living yet, the great powers will not let
Their vertuous love be crost. Mayde, wipe away
Those heavy drops of sorrow, and allay
The storme that yet goes high, which not depress,
Breakes heart and life, and all before it rest:
Thy *Perigot*. *Amo*. Where, which is *Perigot?*
Ama. Sits there below lamenting much god wot,
Thee and thy fortune, goe and comfort him,
And thou shalt finde him underneath a brim
Of sailing Pines that edge yon Mountaine in.
Amo. I goe, I run, Heaven grant me I may win
His soule againe. *Exit Amo.*

Enter Sullen.

Sull. Stay *Amarillis*, stay,
Ye are to fleete, 'tis two houres yet to day?
I have perform'd my promise, let us sit
And warme our bloods together till the fit
Come lively on us. *Ama*. Friend you are to keene,
The Morning riseth and we shall be seene,
Forbeare a little. *Sull*. I can stay no longer.
Ama. Hold *Shepherd* hold, learne not to be a wronger
Of your word, was not your promise layd,
To breake their loves first?
Sul. I have done it maid.
Ama. No, they are yet unbroken, met againe,
And are as hard to part yet as the staine
Is from the fineft lawne. *Sul*. I say they are
Now at this present parted, and so farre,
That they shall never meet.

Amar. Swaine 'tis not so,
For doe but to yon hanging Mountaine goe,
And there believe your eyes.
Sullen. You doe but hold
Off with delayes and trifles; farewell cold
And frozen bashfulnesse, unfit for men;
Thus I salute thee virgin.
Amar. And thus then,
I bid you follow, Catch me if you can. *Exit.*
Sul. And if I stay behind I am no man. *Ex. running after her.*

Enter Perigot.

Per. Night doe not steale away: I woe thee yet
To hold a hard hand o're the Rusty bit
That guides thy lazy teame: goe backe againe,
Bootes, thou that driv'st thy frozen wane,
Round as a Ring, and bring a second Night
To hide my sorrowes from the comming light;
Let not the eyes of men stare on my face,
And read my falling, give me some blacke place
Where never Sun beame shot his wholesome light,
That I may sit and powre out my sad spright,
Like running water never to be knowne
After the forced fall and sound is gone.

Enter Amoret *looking of* Perigot.

Amo. This is the bottome: speake if thou be here
My *Perigot*, thy *Amoret*, thy deare
Calls on thy loved Name.
Per. What art thou dare
Tread these forbidden paths, where death and care
Dwell on the face of darkenesse?
Amo. 'Tis thy friend,
Thy *Amoret*, come hither to give end
To these consumings; looke up gentle Boy,
I have forgot those paines and deare annoy
I sufferd for thy sake, and am content
To be thy love againe; why hast thou rent
Those curled locks, where I have often hung
Ribands and damask-Roses, and have flung

Waters distild to make thee fresh and gay,
Sweeter then the Nosegayes on a Bridall day?
Why dost thou crosse thine Armes, and hang thy face
Downe to thy bosome, letting fall apace
From those two little Heavens upon the ground
Showers of more price, more Orient, and more round
Then those that hang upon the Moones pale brow?
Cease these complainings, Shepherd, I am now
The same I ever was, as kinde and free,
And can forgive before you aske of me,
Indeed I can and will.

Per. So spoke my fayre.
O you great working powers of Earth and Ayre,
Water and forming fire, why have you lent
Your hidden vertues of so ill intent?
Even such a face, so faire, so bright of hew
Had *Amoret*, such words, so smooth and new,
Came flying from her tongue, such was her eye,
And such the poynted sparkle that did flye
Forth like a bleeding shaft, all is the same,
The Robe and Buskins, painted hooke, and frame
Of all her Body, O me *Amoret*.

Amo. Shepherd what meanes this Riddle, who hath set
So strong a difference t'wixt my selfe and me
That I am growne another? looke and see
The Ring thou gav'st me, and about my wrist
That curious bracelet thou thy selfe didst twist
From those faire Tresses: knowst thou *Amoret*?
Hath not some newer love forc'd thee forget
Thy Ancient faith?

Per. Still neerer to my love;
These be the very words she oft did prove
Vpon my temper, so she still would take
Wonder into her face, and silent make
Signes with her head and hand, as who would say,
Shepherd remember this another day.

Amo. Am I not *Amoret*; where was I lost?
Can there be heaven, and time, and men, and most
Of these unconstant, faith where art thou fled?
Are all the vowes and protestations dead,

The hands held up, the wishes, and the heart,
Is there not one remayning, not a part
Of all these to be found? why then I see
Men never knew that vertue constancye.

Per. Men ever were most blessed, till crosse fate
Brought love and women forth unfortunate
To all that ever tasted of their smiles,
Whose actions are all double, full of wiles,
Like to the subtill Hare that fore the Hounds
Makes many turnings, leapes, and many rounds,
This way and that way, to deceive the sent
Of her pursuers.

Amo. 'Tis but to prevent
Their speedy comming on that seeke her fall,
The hands of cruell men more Bestiall,
And of a nature more refusing good
Then beasts themselves or fishes of the floud.

Per. Thou art all these, and more then nature meant,
When she created all, frownes, joyes, content;
Extreame fire for an hower, and presently
Colder then sleepy poyson, or the sea,
Vpon whose face sits a continuall frost:
Your actions ever driven to the most,
Then downe againe as low, that none can find
The rise or falling of a womans mind.

Amo. Can there be any Age, or dayes, or time,
Or tongues of men, guilty so great a crime
As wronging simple mayde? O *Perigot*,
Thou that wast yesterday without a blot,
Thou that wast every good, and every thing
That men call blessed; thou that wast the spring
From whence our looser groomes drew all their best;
Thou that wast alwaies Iust, and alwaies blest
In faith and promise; thou that hadst the name
Of vertuous given thee, and made good the same
Ev'n from thy Cradle; thou that wast that all
That men delighted in; Oh what a fall
Is this to have beene so, and now to be
The onely best in wrong and infamye,
And I to live to know this, and by me

That lov'd thee dearer then mine Eyes, or that
Which we esteem'd our honour, virgin state;
Dearer then swallowes love the early morne,
Or dogs of Chace the sound of merry horne;
Dearer then thou canst love thy new love, if thou hast
Another, and farre dearer then the last;
Dearer then thou canst love thy selfe, though all
The selfe love were within thee that did fall
With that coy Swaine that now is made a flower,
For whose deare sake, *Eccho* weepes many a shower.
And am I thus rewarded for my flame?
Lov'd worthily to get a wantons name?
Come thou forsaken willow winde my head,
And noyse it to the world my love is dead:
I am forsaken, I am cast away,
And left for every lazy groome to say
I was unconstant, light, and sooner lost
Then the quicke Clouds we see, or the chill Frost
When the hot sun beates on it. Tell me yet
Canst thou not love againe thy *Amoret?*

Per. Thou art not worthy of that blessed name,
I must not know thee, fling thy wanton flame
Vpon some lighter blood, that may be hot
VVith words and fained passions: *Perigot*
VVas ever yet unstain'd, and shall not now
Stoope to the meltings of a borrowed brow.

Amo. Then heare me heaven, to whom I call for right,
And you faire twinckling starres that crowne the night,
And heare me woods, and silence of this place,
And ye sad houres that moove a sullen pace;
Heare me ye shadowes that delight to dwell
In horrid darkenesse, and ye powers of Hell,
Whilst I breath out my last; I am that mayd,
That yet untainted *Amoret*, that played
The careless prodigall, and gave away
My soule to this young man, that now dares say
I am a stranger, not the same, more wild;
And thus with much beliefe I was beguild.
I am that Mayd, that have delayd, denyde,
And almost scorn'd the loves of all that tryde

To winne me but this swaine; and yet confesse
I have been wooed by many with no lesse
Soule of affection, and have often had
Rings, Belts, and Cracknels sent me from the lad
That feeds his flocks downe westward; Lambes and Doves
By young *Alexis*; *Daphnis* sent me gloves,
All which I gave to thee: nor these, nor they
That sent them did I smile on, or ere lay
Vp to my after-memory. But why
Doe I resolve to grieve, and not to dye?
Happy had been the stroke thou gav'st, if home;
By this time had I found a quiet roome
Where every slave is free, and every brest
That living breeds new care, now lies at rest,
And thither will poore *Amoret*.

Per. Thou must.
VVas ever any man so loath to trust
His eyes as I? or was there ever yet
Any so like as this to *Amoret*?
For whose deare sake, I promise if there be
A living soule within thee, thus to free
Thy body from it. *He hurts her againe.*

Amo. So, this worke hath end:
Farewell and live, be constant to thy friend
That loves thee next.

Enter Satyre, Perigot *runnes off.*

Satyr. See the day begins to breake,
And the light shoots like a streake
Of subtill fire; the winde blowes cold,
VVhilst the morning doth unfold;
Now the Birds begin to rouse,
And the Squirrill from the boughes
Leaps to get him Nutts and fruit;
The early Larke that earst was mute,
Carrolls to the rising day,
Many a note, and many a lay:
Therefore heere I end my Watch,
Lest the vvandring swaine should catch
Harme, or lose himselfe. *Amo.* Ah me.

Satyr. Speake againe what ere thou be,
I am ready, speake I say:
By the dawning of the day,
By the power of Night and *Pan*
I inforce thee speake againe.

Amo. O I am most unhappie.

Satyr. Yet more bloud?
Sure these wanton Swaynes are wood.
Can there be a hand or heart,
Dare commit so vilde a part
As this Murder? by the Moone
That hid her selfe when this was done,
Never was a sweeter face:
I will beare her to the place
Where my Goddesse keepes; and crave
Her to give her life, or grave. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clorin.

Clor. Here whilst one patient takes his rest secure,
I steale abroad to doe another Cure.
Pardon thou buryed body of my love,
That from thy side I dare so soone remove,
I will not prove unconstant, nor will leave
Thee for an houre alone. When I deceive
My first made vow, the wildest of the wood
Teare me, and o're thy Grave let out my blood;
I goe by wit to Cure a lovers paine
Which no hearbe can; being done, I le come againe. *Exit.*

Enter Thenot.

The. Poore Shepherd in this shade for ever lye,
And seeing thy fayre *Clorins* Cabin, dye:
O hapless love, which being answered, ends;
And as a little Infant cryes and bends
His tender Browes when rowling of his eye
He hath espy'd some thing that glisters nigh
Which he would have, yet give it him, away
He throwes it straight, and cryes a fresh to play
With some thing else: such my affection, set
On that which I should loath, if I could get.

Enter

Enter Clorin.

Clor. See where he lyes; did ever man but he
Love any woman for her Constancie
To her dead lover, which she needs must end
Before she can allow him for her friend,
And he himselfe must needs the cause destroy,
For which he loves, before he can enjoy?
Poore *Shepherd*, Heaven grant I at once may free
Thee from thy paine, and keepe my loyaltie:
Shepherd looke up.

The. Thy brightnesse doth amaze!
So *Phœbus* may at noone bid mortalls gaze;
Thy glorious constancie appeares so bright,
I dare not meet the Beames with my weake sight.

Clor. Why dost thou pine away thy selfe for me?

The. Why dost thou keepe such spotlesse constancy?

Clor. Thou holy *Shepherd* see what for thy sake
Clorin, thy *Clorin*, now dare undertake. *He starts up.*

The. Stay there, thou constant *Clorin*, if there be
Yet any part of woman left in thee,
To make thee light: thinke yet before thou speake.

Clor. See what a holy vow for thee I breake.
I that already have my fame farre spread
For being constant to my lover dead.

The. Think yet deare *Clorin* of your love, how true,
If you had dyed, he would have beene to you.

Clor. Yet all Ile lose for thee.

The. Thinke but how blest
A constant woman is above the rest.

Clor. And offer up my selfe, here on this ground,
To be dispos'd by thee.

The. Why dost thou wound
His heart with Malice, against women more,
That hated all the Sex, but thee before?
How much more pleasant had it beene to me
To dye, then to behold this change in thee:
Yet, yet, returne, let not the woman sway.

Clor. Insult not on her now, nor use delay,
Who for thy sake hath ventur'd all her fame.

Then. Thou hast not ventur'd, but bought certaine shame,
Your Sexes curse, foule falshood must and shall,
I see, once in your lives, light on you all.
I hate thee now: yet turne.

Clor. Be just to me:
Shall I at once both lose my fame and thee?

The. Thou hadst no fame, that which thou didst like good,
Was but thy appetite that swayd thy blood,
For that time to the best: for as a blast
That through a house comes, usually doth cast
Things out of order, yet by chance may come,
And blow some one thing to his proper roome;
So did thy appetite, and not thy zeale,
Sway thee by chance to do some one thing well.
Yet turne.

Clor. Thou dost but trie me if I would
Forsake thy deare imbraces, for my old
Love's, though he were alive: but doe not feare.

Then. I doe contemne thee now, and dare come neere,
And gaze upon thee; for me thinks that grace,
Austeritie, which sate upon that face
Is gone, and thou like others: false mayd see,
This is the gaine of foule inconstancie. *Exit.*

Clor. It is done, great *Pan* I give thee thanks for it,
What Art could not have heal'd, is cur'd by wit.

Enter Thenot *againe.*

Then. Will ye be constant yet? will ye remove
Into the Cabin to your buried Love?

Clor. No let me die, but by thy side remaine.

The. There's none shall know that thou didst ever staine
Thy worthy strictnesse, but shalt honour'd be,
And I will lye againe under this tree,
And pine and dye for thee with more delight,
Than I have sorrow now to know thee light.

Clor. Let me have thee, and Ile be where thou wilt.

The. Thou art of womens race, and full of guilt.
Farewell all hope of that Sex, whilst I thought
There was one good, I fear'd to finde one nought:
But since their minds I all alike espie,

Henceforth Ile chuse as others, by mine eye.

Clor. Blest be ye powers that gave such quicke redresse,
And for my labours sent so good successe.
I rather chuse, though I a woman be,
Hee should speake ill of all, than die for me.

Actus quintus, Scena prima.

Enter Priest, and old Shepheard.

Priest. Shepherds, rise and shake off sleepe,
See the blushing Morne doth peepe
Through the windowes, whilst the Sunne
To the mountaine tops is runne,
Gilding all the Vales below
With his rising flames, which grow
Greater by his climing still.
Vp ye lazie groomes, and fill
Bagg and Bottle for the field;
Claipe your cloakes fast, lest they yeeld
To the bitter Northeast wind.
Call the Maydens up, and find
Who lay longest, that she may
Goe without a friend all day;
Then reward your dogs, and pray
Pan to keepe you from decay:
So unfold and then away.
What not a Shepherd stirring? sure the groomes
Have found their beds too easie, or the roomes
Fill'd with such new delight, and heat, that they
Have both forgot their hungry sheepe, and day
Knock, that they may remember what a shame
Sloath and neglect layes on a Shepherds name.

Old Shep. It is to little purpose, not a swaine
This night hath knowne his lodging here, or laine
Within these cotes: the woods, or some neer towne,
That is a neighbour to the bordering Downe,
Hath drawne them thither, 'bout some lustie sport,
Or spiced Wassal-Bouse, to which resort

All the young men and mayds of many a cote,
Whilst the trim Minstrell strikes his merry note.
Priest. God pardon sinne, show me the way that leads
To any of their haunts.
Old. This to the meads,
And that downe to the woods.
Priest. Then this for me;
Come Shepherd let me crave your company. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clorin *in her Cabin,* Alexis *with her, and* Amarillis.

Clor. Now your thoughts are almost pure,
And your wound begins to cure:
Strive to banish all thats vaine,
Least it should breake out againe.
Alex. Eternall thanks to thee, thou holy mayd:
I find my former wandring thoughts well stayd
Through thy wise precepts, and my outward paine,
By thy choice hearbes is almost gone againe:
Thy sexes vice and vertue are reveal'd
At once, for what one hurt another heal'd.
Clor. May thy griefe more appease,
Relapses are the worst disease.
Take heed how you in thought offend,
So mind and body both will mend.

Enter Satyre *with* Amoret.

Amo. Beest thou the wildest creature of the wood,
That bearst me thus away, drown'd in my blood,
And dying, know I cannot injur'd be,
I am a mayd, let that name fight for me.
Satyr. Fairest virgin doe not feare
Me, that doth thy body beare,
Not to hurt, but heal'd to be;
Men are ruder farre then we.
See faire *Goddesse* in the wood,
They have let out yet more blood.
Some savadge man hath strucke her brest
So soft and white, that no wilde beast
Would [illegible] sleepe, or wake;

So sweet, that *Adder, Newte,* or *Snake,*
Would have laine from arme, to arme,
On her bosome to be warme
All a night, and being hot,
Gone away and stung her not.
Quickly clap hearbes to her brest;
A man sure is a kind of beast.

Clor. With spotlesse hand, on spotlesse brest
I put these hearbes to give thee rest:
Which till it heale thee, will abide
If both be pure, if not, off slide.
See it falls off from the wound,
Shepherdesse thou art not sound,
Full of lust.

Satyr. Who would have thought it,
So faire a face.

Clor. Why that hath brought it.

Ams. For ought I know or thinke, these words, my last:
Yet *Pan,* so helpe me as my thoughts are chast.

Clor. And so may *Pan* blesse this my cure,
As all my thoughts are just and pure;
Some uncleanesse nigh doth lurke,
That will not let my medcines worke.
Satyre search if thou canst find it.

Satyr. Here away me thinks I wind it,
Stronger yet, Oh here they be,
Here, here, in a hollow tree,
Two fond mortals have I found.

Clor. Bring them out, they are unsound.

Enter Cloe, *and* Daphnis.

Satyr. By the fingers thus I wring ye,
To my *Goddesse* thus I bring ye;
Strife is vaine, come gently in,
I sented them, they're full of sinne.

Clor. Hold *Satyre,* take this Glasse,
Sprinkle over all the place,
Purge the Ayre from lustfull breath,
To save this Shepherdesse from death,
And stand you still whilst I doe dresse
Her wound for feare the paine increase.

Satyr. From this glasse I throw a drop
Of Christall water on the top
Of every grasse, on flowers a paire:
Send a fume and keepe the ayre
Pure, and wholesome, sweet and blest,
Till this Virgins wound be drest.
Clor. Satyre, helpe to bring her in.
Satyr. By *Pan,* I thinke she hath no sin,
She is so light: lye on these leaves.
Sleepe that mortall sense deceives,
Crowne thine eyes, and ease thy paine,
Mayest thou soone be well againe.
Clor. Satyre, bring the shepherd neere,
Trie him if his mind be cleare.
Saty. Shepherd come.
Daph. My thoughts are pure.
Saty. The better tryall to endure.
Clor. In this flame his finger thrust,
Which will burne him if he lust;
But if not, away will turne,
As loath unspotted flesh to burne.
See it gives backe, let him goe.
Farewell Mortall, keepe thee so.
Saty. Stay faire Nymph, flye not so fast,
We must trie if you be chaste:
Heere's a hand that quakes for feare,
Sure shee will not prove so cleare.
Clor Hold her finger to the flame,
That will yeeld her praise or shame.
Sat To her doome she dares not stand,
But pluckes away her tender hand,
And the Taper darting sends
His hot beames at her fingers ends.
O thou art foule within, and hast
A mind, if nothing else, unchaste.
Alex. Is not that *Cloe?* 'tis my love, 'tis she:
Cloe, faire *Cloe.*
Cloe. My *Alexis.* *Alex* Hee.
Cloe Let me imbrace thee. *Clor.* Take her hence,
Lest her sight disturbe his sense.

Alex. Take

Alex. Take not her, take my life first.
Clor. See his wound againe is burst:
Keepe her neere, here in the wood,
Till I have stopt these streames of blood.
Soone againe he ease shall find,
If I can but still his mind:
This curtaine thus I doe display,
To keepe the piercing ayre away.

Enter Old Shepherd, *and* Priest.

Priest. Sure they are lost for ever; 'tis in vaine
To find them out, with trouble and much paine,
That have a ripe desire, and forward will
To flye the company of all but ill.
What shall be counsail'd now, shall we retire,
Or constant follow still that first desire
We had to find them?
Old. Stay a little while;
For, if the Mornings mist doe not beguile
My sight with shaddowes, Sure I see a swaine,
One of this jolly troopes come backe againe.

Enter Thenot.

Pri. Dost thou not blush yonng shepherd to be knowne,
Thus without care, leaving thy flocks alone,
And following what desire and present blood
Shapes out before thy burning sense, for good,
Having forgot what tongue hereafter may
Tell to the world thy falling off, and say
Thou art regardlesse both of good and shame,
Spurning at vertue, and a vertuous name,
And like a glorious desperate man that buyes
A poyson of much price, by which he dyes,
Dost thou lay out for lust, whose onely gaine
Is foule disease, with present age and paine,
And then a Grave? These be the fruits that grow
In such hot veines that onely beate to know
Where they may take most ease, and grow ambitious
Through their owne wanton fire, and pride delicious.

What the smooth face of Mirth was, or the sight
Of any looseneſſe; muſicke, joy and eaſe
Have beene to me as bitter drugs to pleaſe
A ſtomacke loſt with weakeneſſe: not a game
That I am skild at throughly, nor a Dame,
Went her tongue ſmoother then the feet of Time,
Her beauty ever living like the Rime
Our bleſſed *Tytirus* did ſing of yore,
No, were ſhe more entiſing then the ſtore
Of fruitfull Summer, when the loaden tree
Bids the faint Traveller be bold and free,
T'were but to me like Thunder 'gainſt the bay,
Whoſe lightning may incloſe, but never ſtay
Upon his charmed branches; ſuch am I
Againſt the catching flames of womans eye.

Prieſt. Then wherefore haſt thou wandred?

The. T'was a vow
That drew me out laſt night, which I have now
Strictly perform'd, and homewards goe to give
Freſh paſture to my ſheepe, that they may live.

Pri. 'Tis good to heare ye Shepherd, if the heart
In this well ſounding Muſicke beare his part.
VVhere have you left the reſt?

The. I have not ſeene,
Since yeſternight wee met upon this greene
To fould our flocks up, any of that traine;
Yet have I walkt thoſe woods round, and have laine
All this ſame night under an aged tree,
Yet neither wandring Shepherd did I ſee,
Or Shepherdeſſe, or drew into mine eare
The ſound of living thing, unleſſe it were
The Nightingale among the thicke leav'd ſpring
That ſits alone in ſorrow, and doth ſing
Whole nights away in mourning, or the Owle,
Or our great Enemy that ſtill doth howle
Againſt the Moones cold beames.

Prieſt. Goe and beware
Of after falling.

The. Father 'tis my care. *Exit Thenot.*

Enter Daphnis.

Old. Here comes another ſtragler, ſure I ſee
A ſhame in this young ſhepherd. *Daphnis.*
Daph. Hee.
Prie. Where haſt thou left the reſt, that ſhould have been
Long before this, grazing upon the greene
Their yet impriſon'd flocks?
Daph. Thou holy man,
Give me a little breathing till I can
Be able to unfould what I have ſeene;
Such horrour, that the like hath never beene
Knowne to the eare of ſhepherd: oh my heart
Labours a double motion to impart
So heavie tydings! you all know the Bower
Where the chaſte *Clorin* lives, by whoſe great power
Sicke men and cattell have beene often cur'd,
There lovely *Amoret* that was aſſur'd
To luſty *Perigot*, bleeds out her life,
Forc'd by ſome Iron hand and fatall knife;
And by her, young *Alexis*.
Enter Amarillis *running from her* Sullen Shepherd
Amaril. If there be
Ever a Neighbour-brooke or hollow tree
Receive my body, cloſe me up from luſt
That followes at my heeles; be ever juſt,
Thou god of ſhepherds, *Pan*, for her deare ſake
That loves the Rivers brinks, and ſtill doth ſhake
In cold remembrance of thy quicke purſute:
Let me be made a reede, and ever mute,
Nod to the waters fall, whilſt every blaſt
Sings through my ſlender leaves that I was chaſt.
Prieſt. This is a night of wonder, *Amarill*
Be comforted, the holy gods are ſtill
Revengers of theſe wrongs.
Amaril. Thou bleſſed man,
Honour'd upon theſe plaines, and lov'd of *Pan*,
Heare me, and ſave from endleſſe infamie
My yet unblaſted flower, *Virginitie*:
By all the Garlands that have crown'd that head,

By thy chaſt office, and the marriage bed
That ſtill is bleſt by thee, by all the rights
Due to our God, and by thoſe virgin lights
That burne before his Altar, let me not
Fall from my former ſtate to gaine the blot
That never ſhall be purged. I am not now
That wanton *Amarillis*: here I vow
To heaven, and thee grave father, if I may
Scape this unhappy night, to know the day,
A virgin, never to endure
The tongues, or company of men unpure.
I heare him, come, ſave me.

Prieſt. Retire a while
Behind this buſh, till we have knowne that vile
Abuſer of young Maydens.

Enter Sullen.

Sul. Stay thy pace,
Moſt loved *Amarillis*, let the chaſe
Grow calme and milder, flye me not ſo faſt,
I feare the pointed Brambles have unlac'd
Thy golden Buskins; turne againe and ſee
Thy Shepherd follow, that is ſtrong and free,
Able to give thee all content and eaſe.
I am not baſhfull virgin, I can pleaſe
At firſt encounter, hug thee in mine arme,
And give thee many kiſſes, ſoft and warme
As thoſe the Sunne Prints on the ſmiling cheeke
Of Plums or mellow Peaches; I am ſleeke
And ſmooth as *Neptune*, when ſterne *Eolus*
Locks up his ſurly winds, and nimbly thus
Can ſhew my Active youth; why doſt thou flye?
Remember *Amarillis* it was I
That kild *Alexis* for thy ſake, and ſet
An everlaſting hate t'wixt *Amoret*
And her beloved *Perigot*; t'was I
That drown'd her in the well, where ſhe muſt lye
Till time ſhall leave to be; then turne againe,
Turne with thy open armes, and clip the ſwaine
That hath perform'd all this, turne, turne I ſay:

Prieſt. Monſter ſtay,
Thou that art like a canker to the ſtate
Thou liv'ſt and breath'ſt in, eating with debate
Through every honeſt boſome, forcing ſtill
The veines of any that may ſerve thy will,
Thou that haſt offer'd with a ſinfull hand
To ſeize upon this virgin that doth ſtand
Yet trembling here.

Sull. Good holineſſe declare,
What had the danger beene, if being bare
I had imbrac'd her, tell me by your Art,
What comming wonders would that ſight impart?

Prieſt. Luſt, and a branded ſoule.

Sull. Yet tell me more,
Hath not our Mother Nature for her ſtore
And great increale, ſaid it is good and juſt,
And wills that every living creature muſt
Beget his like?

Prieſt. Ye are better read then I,
I muſt confeſſe in bloud and Lechery.
Now to the Bower, and bring this beaſt along,
Where he may ſuffer Pennance for his wrong. *Exeunt.*

Enter Perigot *with his hand bloudy.*

Per. Here will I waſh it in this mornings dew,
Which ſhe on every little graſſe doth ſtrew
In ſilver drops againſt the Sunnes appeare:
'Tis holy water and will make me deere.
My hand will not be cleans'd. My wronged love,
If thy chaſt ſpirit in the Ayre yet move,
Looke mildly downe on him that yet doth ſtand
All full of guilt, thy bloud upon his hand;
And though I ſtrucke thee undeſervedly,
Let my revenge on her that injur'd thee
Make leſſe a fault which I intended not,
And let theſe dew drops waſh away my ſpot.
It will not cleanſe. O to what ſacred floud
Shall I reſort to waſh away this bloud?
Amidſt theſe Trees the holy *Clorin* dwels
In a low Cabin of cut boughs, and heales,

All wounds; to her I will my selfe addresse,
And my rash faults repentantly confesse;
Perhaps shee'll find a meanes by Art or Prayer,
To make my hand with chaste bloud stained, faire:
That done, not far hence underneath some tree,
Ile have a little Cabbin built, since shee
Whom I ador'd is dead, there will I give
My selfe to strictnesse, and like *Clorin* live. *Exit*

The Curtaine is drawne, Clorin *appeares sitting in the cabin,* Amoret *sitting on the one side of her,* Alexis *and* Cloe *on the other, the* Satyre *standing by.*

Clor. Shepherd, once more your bloud is stayd,
Take example by this Mayd,
Who is heal'd ere you be pure,
So hard it is lewd lust to cure.
Take heed then how you turne your eye
On these other lustfully:
And Shepherdesse take heed lest you
Moove his willing eye thereto;
Let no wring, nor pinch, nor smile
Of yours his weaker sense beguile.
Is your love yet true and chast,
And for ever so to last?

Alex. I have forgot all vaine desires,
All looser thoughts, ill tempred fires.
True love I find a pleasant fume,
Whose moderate heat can nere consume.

Cloe. And I a new fire feele in me,
Whose base end is not quencht to be.

Clor. Ioyne your hands with modest touch,
And for ever keepe you such.

Enter Perigot.

Per. Yon is her cabin, thus farre off Ile stand,
And call her forth: for my unhallowed hand
I dare not bring so neere yon sacred place.
Clorin come forth, and doe a timely grace
To a poore Swaine.

Clor. What art thou that dost call?

Clorin is ready to doe good to all:
Come neere.
Peri. I dare not.
Clor. *Satyre*, see
Who it is that calls on me.
Saty. There at hand some Swaine doth stand,
Stretching out a bloudie hand.
Peri. Come *Clorin*, bring thy holy waters cleare,
To wash my hand.
Clor. What wonders have been here
To night! stretch forth thy hand yong swaine,
Wash and rubbe it whilst I raine
Holy water.
Peri. Still you powre,
But my hand will never scowre.
Clor. *Satyr*, bring him to the Bower,
We will trie the soveraigne power
Of other waters.
Saty. Mortall, sure
'Tis the bloud of Mayden pure
That staines thee so.

The Satyr *leadeth him to the Bower, where he spieth* Amoret, *and kneeling downe, she knoweth him.*

Peri. What e're thou be,
Beest thou her spright, or some divinitie,
That in her shape thinkes good to walke this grove,
Pardon poore *Perigot*.
Amor. I am thy love,
Thy *Amoret*, for evermore thy love:
Strike once more on my naked brest, Ile prove
As constant still. O couldst thou love me yet;
How soone should I my former griefes forget!
Peri. So over-great with joy, that you live, now
I am, that no desire of knowing how
Doth seize me; hast thou still power to forgive?
Amo. Whilst thou hast power to love, or I to live;
More welcome now then hadst thou never gone
Astray from me.

And not I, death, or some lingring paine
That's worse, light on me.
Clor. Now your staine
Perhaps will clense thee once againe;
See the blood that earst did stay,
With the water drops away.
All the Powers againe are pleas'd,
And with this new knot are appeas'd.
Ioyne your hands, and rise together,
Pan be blest that brought you hither.

Enter Priest, *and* Old Shepherd.

Clorin. Goe backe againe what ere thou art, unlesse
Smooth Mayden thoughts possesse thee, doe not presse
This hallowed ground. Goe *Satyre*, take his hand,
And give him present triall.
Satyr. Mortall stand,
Till by fire I have made knowne
Whether thou be such a one,
That mayst freely tread this place.
Hold thy hand up; never was
More untainted flesh than this.
Fairest, he is full of blisse.
Clor. Then boldly speake, why dost thou seeke this place?
Priest. First, honour'd Virgin, to behold thy face
Where all good dwells that is; next for to try
The truth of late report was given to me:
Those Shepherds that have met with foule mischance,
Through much neglect, and more ill governance,
Whether the wounds they have may yet endure
The open ayre, or stay a longer cure.
And lastly, what the doome may be shall light
Vpon those guilty wretches, through whose spight
All this confusion fell: For to this place,
Thou holy Mayden, have I brought the race
Of these offenders, who have freely told,
Both why, and by what meanes they gave this bold
Attempt upon their lives.
Clorin. Fame all the ground,

And foule infection gins to fill the Ayre:
It gathers yet more strongly; take a paire
Of Censors fild with Frankinsence and Myrrhe,
Together with cold Camphyre: quickly stirre
Thee, gentle *Satyre*, for the place begins
To sweat and labour with the abhorred sins
Of those offenders; let them not come nigh,
For full of itching flame and leprosie
Their very soules are, that the ground goes backe,
And shrinks to feele the sullen waight of blacke
And so unheard-of venome; hye thee fast
Thou holy man, and banish from the chast
These manlike monsters, let them never more
Be knowne upon these downes, but long before
The next Sunnes rising, put them from the sight
And memory of every honest wight.
Be quicke in expedition, lest the sores
Of these weake patients breake into new gores. *Ex. Priest.*
Per. My deare, deare *Amoret*, how happy are
Those blessed paires, in whom a little jarre
Hath bred an everlasting love, too strong
For time, or steele, or envy to doe wrong?
How doe you feele your hurts? alasse poore heart
How much I was abus'd; give me the smart
For it is justly mine.
Amo. I doe believe.
It is enough deare friend, leave off to grieve,
And let us once more in despight of ill
Give hands and hearts againe.
Per. With better will
Then e're I went to find in hottest day
Coole Christall of the fountaine, to allay
My eager thirst: may this band never breake.
Heare us O heaven.
Amo. Be constant.
Per. Else *Pan* wreake,
With double vengeance, my disloyalty;
Let me not dare to know the company
Of men, or any more behold those eyes.
Amo. Thus Shepherd with a kisse all envy dyes.

Enter Priest.

Prie. Bright Mayd, I have perform'd your will, the swaine
In whom such heat and blacke rebellions raigne
Hath undergone your sentence, and disgrace:
Onely the Mayd I have reserv'd, whose face
Shewes much amendment, many a teare doth fall
In sorrow of her fault, great faire recall
Your heavie doome, in hope of better dayes,
Which I dare promise; once againe upraise
Her heavie Spirit that neere drowned lyes
In selfe consuming care that never dyes.

Clor. I am content to pardon, call her in;
The Ayre growes coole againe, and doth begin
To purge it selfe; how bright the day doth show,
After this stormie cloud? goe *Satyre*, goe,
And with this taper boldly try her hand,
If she be pure and good, and firmely stand
To be so still, we have perform'd a worke
Worthy the gods themselves. Satyre *brings* Amarillis *in.*

Satyr. Come forward Mayden, doe not lurke,
Nor hide your face with griefe and shame,
Now or never, get a name
That may raise thee, and recure
All thy life that was impure:
Hold your hand unto the flame;
If thou beest a perfect dame,
Or hast truely vow'd to mend,
This pale fire will be thy friend.
See the taper hurts her not.
Goe thy wayes, let never spot
Henceforth seize upon thy bloud.
Thanke the gods and still be good.

Clor. Young Shepherdesse, now ye are brought againe
To virgin state, be so, and so remaine
To thy last day, unlesse the faithfull love
Of some good Shepherd force thee to remove;
Then labour to be true to him, and live
As such a one, that ever strives to give
A blessed memory to after Time.

Be

Be famous for your good, not for your crime.
Now holy man, I offer up againe
These patients full of health, and free from paine:
Keepe them from after ills, be ever neere
Unto their actions, teach them how to cleere
The tedious way they passe through, from suspect,
Keepe them from wronging others, or neglect
Of duty in themselves, correct the bloud
With thriftie bits and labour, let the floud,
Or the next neighbouring spring give remedy
To greedy thirst, and travell not the tree
That hangs with wanton clusters, let not wine
Unlesse in sacrifice, or rights divine,
Be ever knowne of Shepherds, have a care
Thou man of holy life. Now doe not spare
Their faults through much remissnesse, nor forget
To cherish him, whose many paines and swet
Hath giv'n increase, and added to the downes.
Sort all your Shepherds from the lazy clownes
That feed their heifers in the budded Broomes:
Teach the young Maydens strictnesse, that the groomes
May ever feare to tempt their blowing youth;
Banish all complements, but single truth
From every tongue, and every Shepherds heart,
Let them still use perswading, but no Art:
Thus holy *Priest*, I wish to thee and these,
All the best goods and comforts that may please.

Alex. And all those blessings Heaven did ever give,
We pray upon this Bower may ever live.

Prie. Kneele every Shepherd, whilst with powerfull hand
I blesse your after labours, and the Land
You feed your flocks upon. Great *Pan* defend you
From misfortune, and amend you,
Keepe you from those dangers still,
That are followed by your will,
Give ye meanes to know at length
All your riches, all your strength,
Cannot keepe your foot from falling
To lewd lust, that still is calling
At your cottage, till his power

Bring againe that golden houre
Of peace and rest to every soule.
May his care of you controule
All diseases, sores or paine
That in after time may raigne,
Either in your flocks or you,
Give ye all affections new,
New desires, and tempers new,
That ye may be ever true.
Now rise and goe, and as ye passe away
Sing to the god of sheepe, that happy lay,
That honest *Dorus* taught ye, *Dorus*, he
That was the soule and god of melody.

The Song *they all sing.*

All ye woods, and trees, and bowers,
All ye vertues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or Brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground,
With his honour and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honour'd: Daffadillies,
Roses, Pinks, and loved Lillies,
Let us fling,
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honour'd, ever young,
Thus great Pan *is ever sung.* Exeunt.

Saty. Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
Thou most powerfull Mayd, and whitest,
Thou most vertuous and most blessed,
Eyes of starres, and golden tressed

Like

Like *Apollo*, tell me sweetest,
What new service now is meetest
For the *Satyre*? shall I stray
In the middle ayre and stay
The sayling Racke, or nimbly take
Hold by the Moone, and gently make
Sute to the pale Queene of night
For a beame to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the Sea,
And bring thee corrall, making way
Through the rising waves that fall
In snowie fleeces? deerest, shall
I catch the wanton Fawnes, or flyes,
Whose woven wings the Summer dyes
Of many colours? get thee fruit?
Or steale from heaven old *Orpheus* Lute?
All these Ile venter for, and more,
To doe her service all these woods adore.

Clor. No other service *Satyre*, but thy watch
About these thickets, lest harmelesse people catch
Mischiefe or sad mischance.

Satyr. Holy virgin, I will dance
Round about these woods as quicke
As the breaking light, and pricke
Downe the lawnes, and downe the vales,
Faster then the Windmill sailes.
So I take my leave, and pray
All the comforts of the day,
Such as *Phœbus* heat doth send
On the earth, may still befriend
Thee, and this Arbour.

Clor. And to thee,
All thy Masters love be free. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.